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Cap
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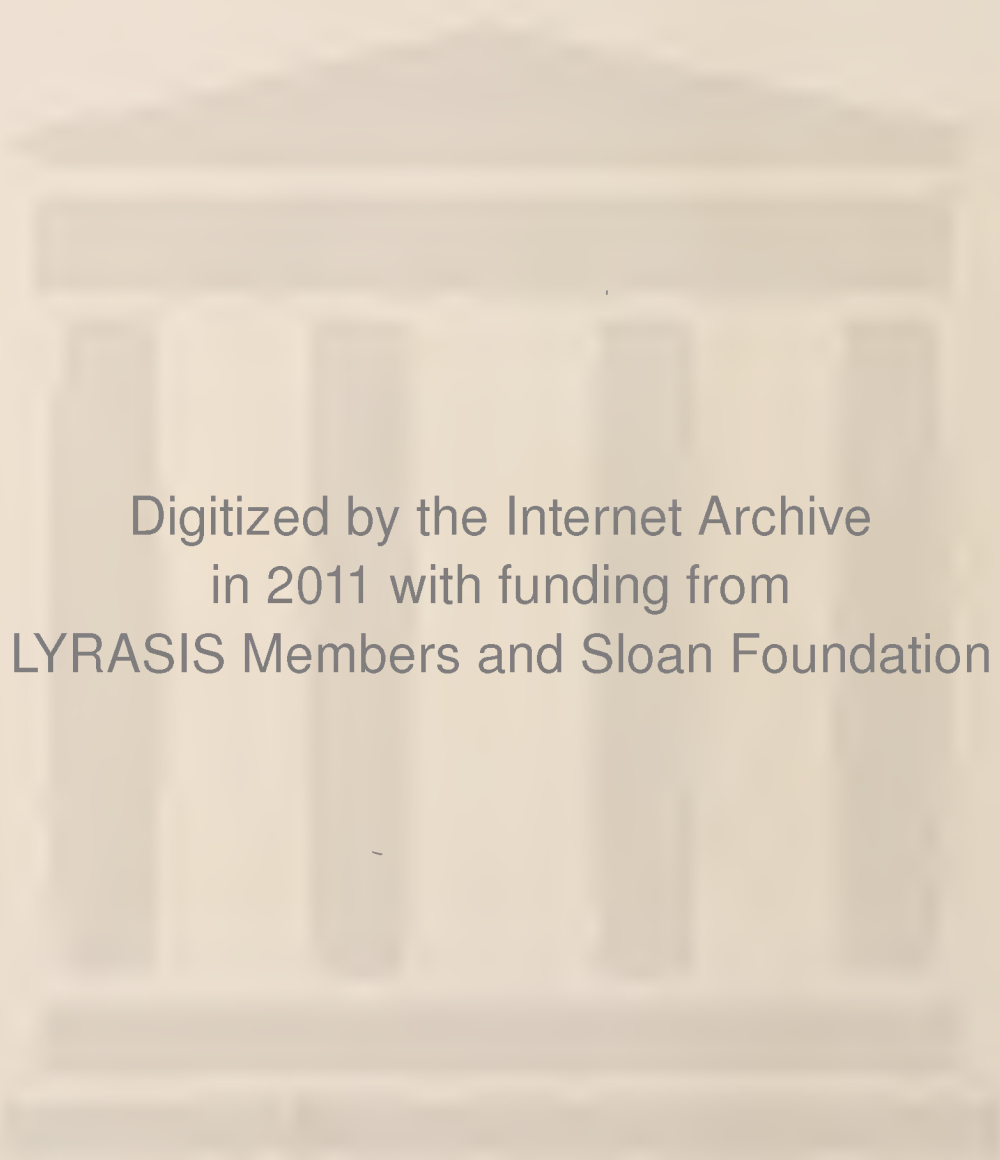
STUDENTS

OF THE

Unibersity
of the South

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

1921



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Carp & Gable

1921

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Dedication

If there be aught in this book that is rugged let it serve to recall the life he gladly led for the gaunt people he loved.

If there be anything good in this book it is but a suggestion of the strength, the power, and the goodness of him whom we are proud to call a Sewanee man.—*Hudson Stuck*



ARCH-DEACON HUDSON STUCK

Foreword

There is always a tendency to look back upon the past through a glass of roseate hue, to tint the "days of long ago" with the bright lustre of romance. Thus there is no doubt, but that among many Southerners the days before the war were the happiest, the brightest, the gayest and the best. Such a habit of mind is not peculiar only to the people of the South, or to those of any other section of the country, nor is it wholly an American trait. In the days of Cromwell, the Cavaliers looked back with sad longing upon the glorious times of Good Queen Bess, and in the licentious days that followed the Commonwealth the people again looked back with a feeling of almost awe for the laws and order that once had reigned in England.

And so when we find that the Alumni of Sewanee look back upon the old times as the golden days we see that it is but human nature to add the tint of romance to the days gone by. Let it be plainly understood, that we do not for one instant maintain that there was not something at Sewanee that gave to her glorious past a hue of real brilliancy. A mere glance into her history will prove that.

The purpose of this book is to show to the students of the present day that all the old mannerisms, all the old customs and traditions which have been handed down to the present are worth while, and to show the Alumni that there is still much of that old dash and spirit which so characterized the Sewanee they knew and loved. There is little place for an annual which merely records the actual deeds accomplished during one year, for those are statistics which can easily be found in the papers and periodicals. This annual hopes to be an expression of the spirit, the aim and the ideals of this Mountain. To show the present Sewanee that the spirit and ideals which made Sewanee famous are the only means through which the record of her glorious past can be continued; and to show the Alumni that the indomitable spirit and those high ideals are still alive and unconquerable here.



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Academia



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*1920-21, on leave, studying in France.



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Associate Professor of Greek.

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B. A., B. D., University of the South; D. D., Oglethorpe,
Chaplain.

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JAMES CUMMINGS PRESTON, B. S.,
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Commissioner of Buildings and Lands

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Librarian.

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Organist.

W. CECIL MYERS,
Manager University Utilities.

ALBERT CHALMERS SNEED,
Director of University Press.

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Manager of the University Supply Store.

CHARLES DUNCAN CONWAY,
Proctor.

TOM NEELEY CARRUTHERS,
THOMAS PRESTON HARPER,
WILLIAM SHANNON STONEY,
Hall Proctors.



THE ORDER OF GOWNSMEN



THE ORDER OF GOWNSMEN

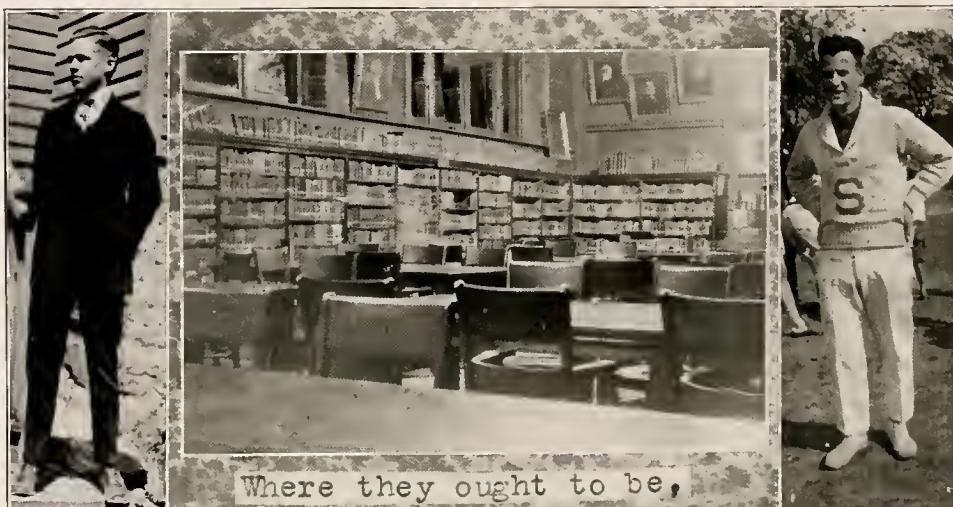
Last year's annual told of the various ups and downs through which the Order of Gownsmen has gone in its career, and wound up by saying that the University was to be congratulated since the academic gown had once more come into its own. This article continues the one of last year and will show the further progress made by the Order of Gownsmen in replacing the gown in its former high position.

The academic gown is once more a mark of distinction and rewarded merit, for in the last year especially the gownsmen have come to the front in matters of student concern. They have taken over what used to be the "Honor Committee" and have handled cases of discipline to the satisfaction of the student-body and the faculty. Not only in matters of discipline have they shown themselves capable of bearing responsibility, but also in matters of student activities and publications.

The Gownsmen met last spring and decided to put their order on a firmer footing by adopting a stronger and more effective constitution. They also adopted the committee system, under which system there are four committees: the executive committee which handles all serious cases of student concern; the activities, the grievance and the publication committees which handle all matters under their respective divisions which are not serious enough to be brought to the attention of the executive committee or the whole Order.

The Executive Committee has been fortunate in having very few cases of serious discipline to handle in the past year, owing to the high regard of all students for the Sewanee Code of Honor. This committee is made up of the President, the Vice-President and the Secretary of the Order of Gownsmen together with the chairmen of the other three committees. These committees meet once each month and report to the head committee at the regular meeting of the Order. The work done this year by these three committees has been unusual. The best work of the entire Order was done by the committee on student publication, which under the able supervision of its chairman, Mr. Moultrie Guerry, has had revised and enlarged the old Sewanee Handbook. The success of this book may be noted by the significant fact that the number intended for publication had to be doubled.

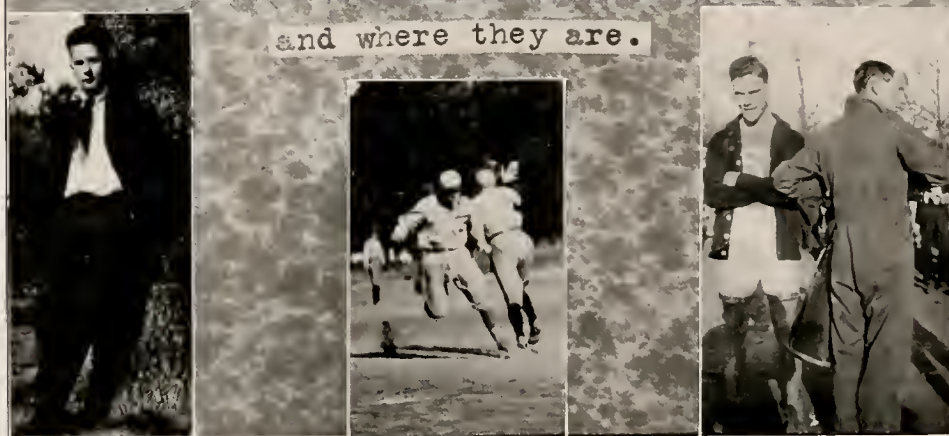
The academic gown has not only returned to its own, but the Order of Gownsmen has become as it was intended, the most important and responsible organization of the student body.



Where they ought to be,



and where they are.

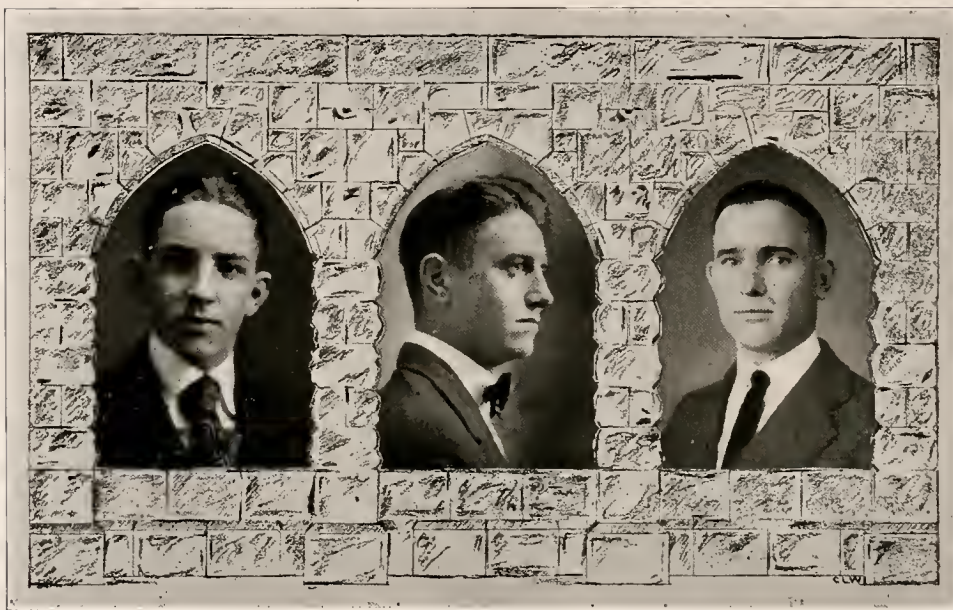




F.C. BROWN + C.L.W.
21

SENIORS

NOTE—The classification of the men in this and the following class divisions is according to the number of years of college attendance.



CHARLES MARION WOOLFOLK, A. T. Ω.
Montgomery, Ala.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Science Club; Sec.-Treas. Senior Class; Student Member of A. B. C.; Order of Gownsmen; Senior Ribbon Society.

CHARLES CAPERS SATTERLEE, K. Σ.
Atlanta, Ga.

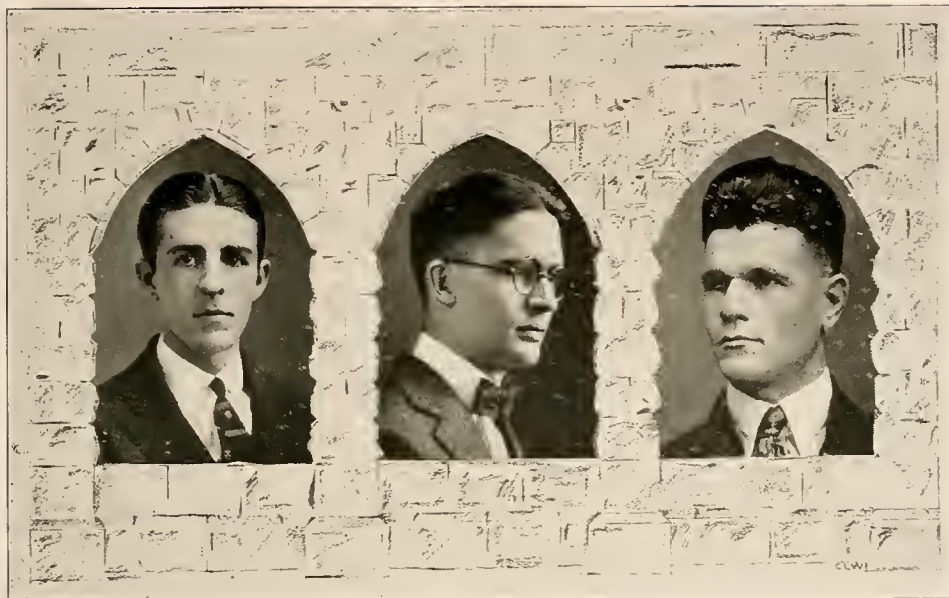
Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Choir; Punch and Judy; Essay Medal '19; Chelidon; Sopherim; Football '17-'18-'19-'20; Track '19-'20; Pres. Senior Class '21; Senior German Club; Editor-in-Chief of the Cap and Gown of 1921; Chairman Activities Committee, Order of Gownsmen.

PAUL CLIFFORD SANDERFER, K. Σ.
Trenton, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Assistant Proctor '20-'21; Vice Pres. Senior Class; Chelidon; Order of Gownsmen.



LYON WILLIAM KOCH, K. A.
Greenville, Miss.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Science Club; Sec.-Treas. '21; American Association Engineers; Pi Omega; Vice Pres. '20-'21 Assistant Engineering I; Junior German Club; Pres. Mississippi Club.

MOULTRIE GUERRY, Σ. A. E.
Charleston, S. C.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Chelidon; Sopherim; Sigma Epsilon: Vice Pres., '21; Purple Staff '20-'21; Publications Committee of the Gownsmen '20-'21, Chairman '21; Board of Directors of the Union '20-'21; Cap and Gown Staff '21.

JAMES ALEXANDER ELAM, K. Σ.
Frank Ewing, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Football squad '16-'17, team '20; Track Team '17-'18; Sigma Epsilon; Senior German Club.



BURT W. CHAPMAN
Prattville, Ala.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sub-tackle Southern University '15; Forestry Squad '16; Sigma Epsilon; Order of Gownsmen; Sewanee Ambulance Unit.

JAMES EDWARD HARTON, K. Σ.
Dyersburg, Tenn.

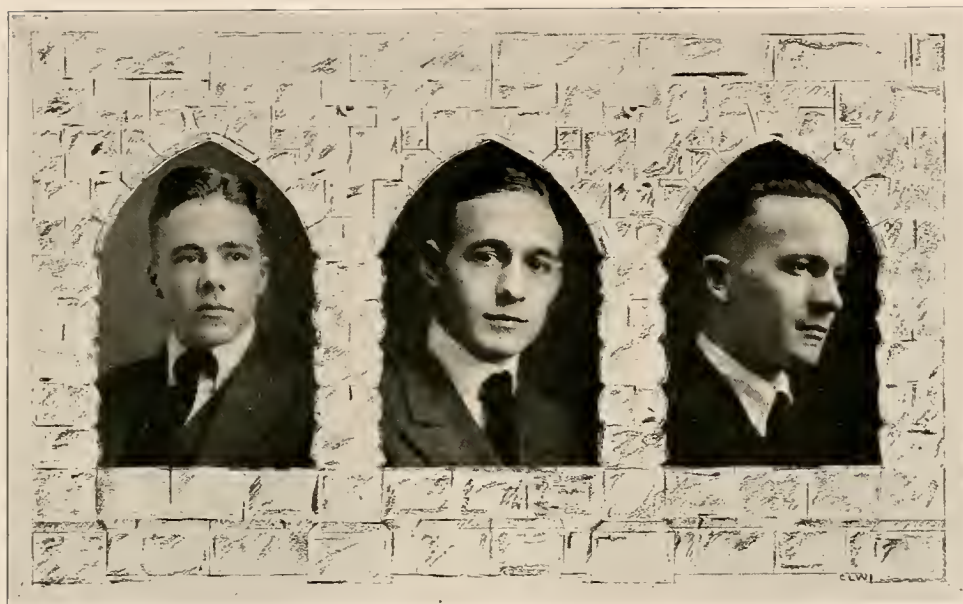
Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega, Vice Pres., '19-'20; Purple Staff '17-'18; Overton Lea Medal for Oratory '19; Knight Medal for Declamation '20; Sopherim.

LYMAN PAUL HOGE
Sewanec, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Science Club; Ass't Biology; Order of Gownsmen.



WILLIAM ROBERT HOLDEN, A. T. Δ.
Memphis, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Track Squad '19-'21; Pi Omega; Treas. '19, Pres. '20-'21; Senior German Club Sec.-
Treas. '21; Science Club; Chelidon; Order of Gownsmen.

WILLIAM JACKSON KNIGHT, Σ. X.
Atlanta, Ga.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Punch and Judy; Glee Club '20-'21; Chelidon; Order of Gownsmen.

WILLIAM WOODSON BRADLEY, JR.
Cedar Hill, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Pi Omega; Junior German; Tennessee Club.



MARION ST. JOHN DUBOSE, Σ . A. E.

Badin, N. C.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Senior German Club; Sigma Epsilon; Science Club.

FELIX ZOLLICOFFER EDWARDS, JR., Φ . Δ . Θ .

Sherman, Texas.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Senior German Club; Pan-Hellenic; Vice-Pres. Prowlers; Business Manager of
The Cap and Gown of 1921.

JAMES REDING HELMS, Σ . N.

Nashville, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega; Purple Staff '19-'20; Order of Gownsmen.



ISAAC HUNTER HOLLINGSWORTH, A. T. Δ.
Yazoo City, Miss.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Neograph; Scrub Football '19-'20; Order of Gownsmen.

SAMUEL KNOX HARWELL, JR., K. A.
Nashville, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega; Science Club; Football Squad '19-'20; Senior German Club; Business Manager Cap and Gown '21 (resigned).

THOMAS EXAM HARGRAVE, A. T. Ω.
Falls City, Neb.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Punch and Judy; Purple Staff; Cheer Leader '18-'19; Choir; Knight Medal for Declamation '19; Senior German Club; Glee Club; Manager Football Team '20; Chelidon; Sopherim; Manager Glee Club '21; Prowlers '20-'21.



ROBERT GEORGE TATUM, Δ. T. Δ.
Knoxville, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Choir; Sacristan '21; Chairman Discipline Committee, Order of Gownsmen '21; Chelidon.

EVERT ABRAM BANKER, K. A.
Atlanta, Ga.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Football '17-'18 Squad '19; Track '18; Punch and Judy; Sigma Epsilon; Senior German Club Vice Pres. '21; Order of Gownsmen.

THOMAS PRESTON HARPER, K. A.
Texarkana, Texas.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Football, '17-'18-'19-'20, Capt. '19; Track, '18-'19; Sec. "S" Club; Punch and Judy; Senior German Club; Order of Gownsmen; Chelidon; Senior Ribbon Society.



TOM NEELY CARRUTHERS, K. Σ.
Collierville, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega; Critic '19, Pres. '20, Sec. '21; Overton Lea Medal '20; Jemison Medal '20; Pi Omega Debating Team '19-'20; University Debating Team '21; Sec. Debating Council '20-'21; Ass't Proctor '20-'21; Publication Committee Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Chelidon.

JULIAN F. SCOTT, Δ. T. Δ.
Thomasville, Georgia

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Pi Omega, Critic; Neograph; Choir; Science Club; Georgia Club; Purple Staff '18; Glee Club, '20-'21; "S" Club; Track, '19; Advertising Manager The Cap and Gown, '21; Pan-Hellenic; Junior German; Junior Proctor '20.

HENRY HUGH BAYNARD WHALEY, Δ. T. Δ.
Edisto Island, S. C.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Purple Staff, '18-'19-'20; Pi Omega, Vice-Pres., '19-'20; Ass't Advertising Manager Cap and Gown, '21.



FREDERICK DAVIS BROWN, Σ . A. E.
Natchez, Miss.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Pres. Junior Class; Pres. Senior German Club '20; Senior Ribbon Society.

JOHN ADGER MANNING, Σ . A. E.
Winnsboro, S. C.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Senior German Club

HENRY DAMEREL AVES, JR., K. A.
Guadalajara, Mexico

Candidate for B. A. Degree.





CHARLES FREDERICK HARD, A. T. Ω.
Birmingham, Ala.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Neograph, Pres. '20, Purple Staff, '18-'20; Editor-in-Chief '21; Choir, '18, Director '20-'21; Director Glee Club '20-'21; Cap and Gown Staff '20; Hall Proctor '21; Sopherim; Chelidon; Sec. Junior Class; Sec. Order of Gownsmen; Sec. Sewanee Union; Sec.-Treas. Prowlers '20-'21; Punch and Judy '18-'20-'21; Pan-Hellenic '21; Winner Intersociety Medal for Essay '20.

WILLIAM COUGHLAN, A. T. Ω.
Birmingham, Ala.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Football '18-'19, Capt. '20; Track '19-'20, Capt. '21; Pres. Freshman Class '18; Pres. Sophomore Class '19; Pres. Junior Class '20; Pres. Junior German '20-'21; Prowlers; Punch and Judy; Pres. "S" Club; Winner Porter Cup 1920.

CHARLES DUNCAN CONWAY, Δ. T. Δ.
Osceola, Ark.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Basketball '17; Sec.-Treas. Sophomore Class '20; Head Proctor '21; Vice Pres. Junior Class '21; Vice Pres. Order of Gownsmen '21; Sec. "S" Club '21; Chelidon; Pan-Hellenic, Sewanee Ambulance Unit.



JOSEPH LAWRENCE COLLINS, JR., K. A.
Greenville, Texas.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Sigma Epsilon; Vice-Pres. Texas Club;
Order of Gownsmen.

HAROLD THORNTON COUNCIL, K. A.
Greenville, Miss.

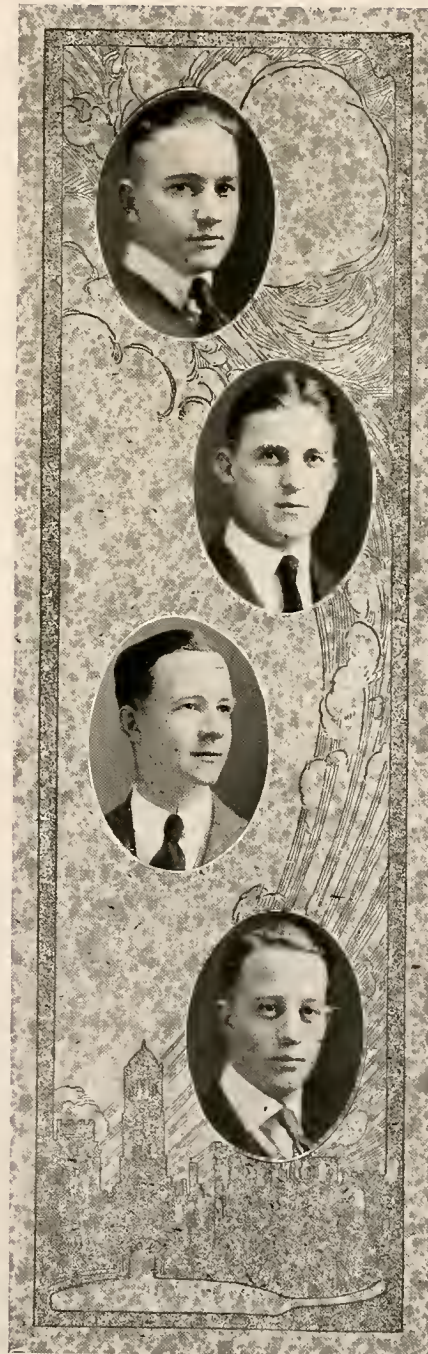
Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Junior German; Senior Ribbon Society;
Football Squad '19, Team '20.

EDWARD RALPH MERSHON, Δ. T. Δ.
Etowah, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Pi Omega; Science Club, Vice-Pres. '21;
Pan Hellenic; Order of Gownsmen; Senior
German Club; Manager Track Team '21.

KENNETH MCGREGOR BAIRD, K. A.
Nashville, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Topper; Prowlers; Junior German; Cap
and Gown Staff '20.





EMMONS HICKS WOOLWINE, $\Phi. \Delta. \Theta.$
Tullahoma, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Track Team '20; Sigma Epsilon; Prowlers; "S" Club; Student Member A. B. C.; Pres. Senior German; Pan-Hellenic; Order of Gownsmen; Senior Ribbon Society.

CLARENCE SPRIGGS FLOWER, K. A.
Alexandria, La.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Science Club Pres. '21; Pi Omega; Glee Club '21; Football Squad '20; Senior German.

RICHARD OLIVER MURRAY, $\Delta. T. \Delta.$
Decherd, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

MALCOLM LUTHER PAYNE, K. A.
Winterville, Miss.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Pi Omega; Senior German Club; Track '21; Football Squad '18-'19-'20; Vice-Pres. Mississippi Club; Science Club; Order of Gownsmen.



BENJAMIN BECKWITH PAYNE, K. A.
Winterville, Miss.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Pi Omega; Junior German; Football Squad
'18-'19-'20; Captain Scrub Team '21; Track
Team '19; Letter '20-'21.

DONALD GRACEY, Σ. A. E.
Clarksville, Tenn.

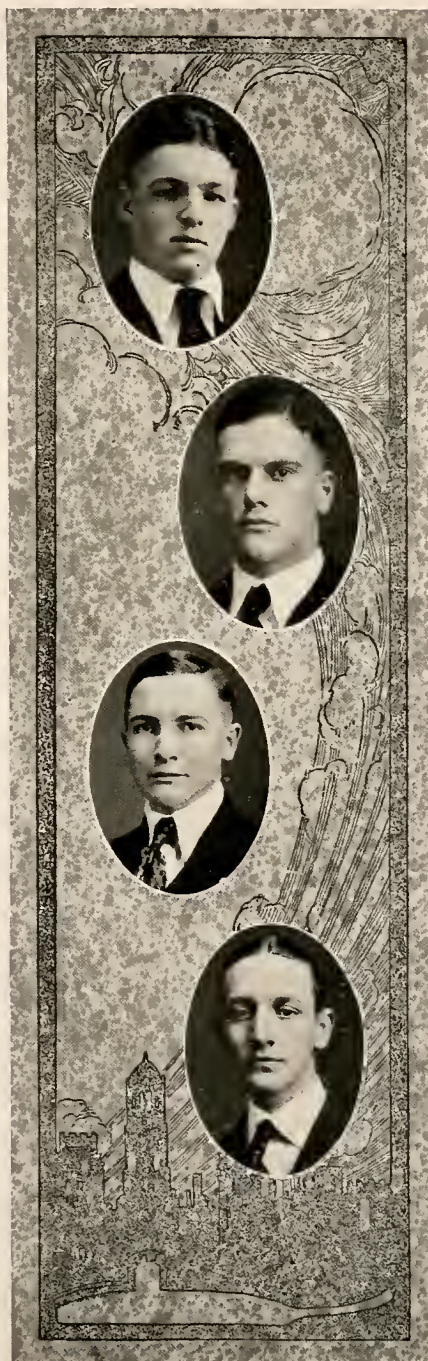
Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Track '20; Prowlers; Glee Club '20-'21.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD PARK, K. A.
Merigold, Miss.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Pi Omega; Science Club; Order of Gownsmen.

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Dallas, Texas.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.





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Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Football '17-'19-'20; Track '20-'21; Pi
Omega; "S" Club; Vice-President Ten-
nessee Club; Junior German.

LEGRAND GUERRY, Φ . Δ . Θ .

Columbia, S. C.
Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Football '18-'19; Track '19-'20-'21; Presi-
dent Junior German '20; Prowlers; Treas-
urer Junior German; Senior Ribbon Society.

CHARLES FRED GERNER, K. A.
Houston, Texas.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Neograph; Texas Club; Junior German;
Pi Omega; Prowlers.

ALEXANDER CLEVELAND SESSUMS, Σ . A. E.
New Orleans, La.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Choir; Louisiana Club; Junior German;
Pi Omega; Purple Staff; Glee Club '20-'21;
Sopherim; Order of Gownsmen.



SEATON GRANTLAND BAILEY, K. A.
Griffin, Georgia.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Junior German; Football Squad '20-'21;
Glee Club '20-'21; Georgia Club.

ROBERT PHILLIPS, Φ. Γ. Α.
Meridian, Miss.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.
Alumni Editor, The Purple; Pi Omega;
Order of Gownsmen.

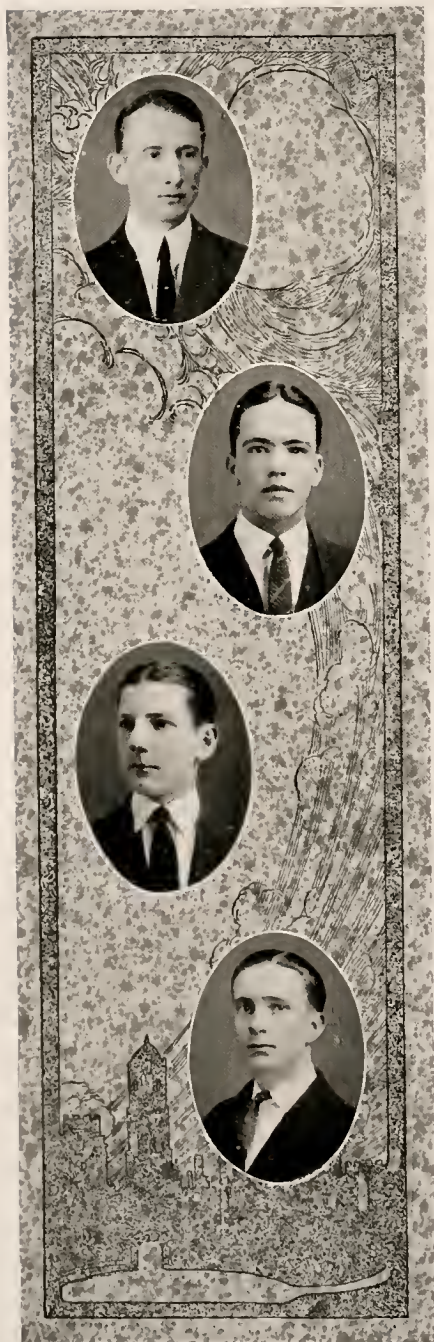
CLAYTON THURMONDE TULLIS, JR., Δ. Τ. Δ.
Montgomery, Ala.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Sigma Epsilon; Choir; Junior German;
Prowlers; Manager Track Team '20.

CLINTON LEE LUCKETT, Σ. Α. Ε.
Greenville, Miss.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.
Pi Oemga; Mississippi Club; Choir.





JOHN CONNOLLY KELLY, JR., K. Σ.

Waco, Texas.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Science Club; Order of
Gownsmen; Sopherim.

REGINALD HEBER HELVENSTON, Φ. Γ. Δ.

Live Oak, Fla.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega; Purple Staff; Pan Hellenic
Council; Senior Thalian; Senior German;
Order of Gownsmen.

WILLIAM BATTLE CUNNINGHAM, Δ. Τ. Δ.

Arlington, Tenn.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Assistant Circulation Manager Purple '19;
Circulation Manager '20; Pi Omega;
Junior German.

SEALE HARRIS, JR., A. T. Ω.

Birmingham, Ala.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Topper; Junior German;
Choir, Purple Staff '21; Prowlers; Base-
ball Squad '21.



ROBERT CHAPMAN WILLIAMSON, Δ. T. Δ.
Memphis, Tenn.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Glee Club; Choir; Junior German Club;
Pi Omega; Purple Staff; Punch and Judy.

JOHN HARTWELL MARABLE, JR., Σ. N.
Cowan, Tenn.

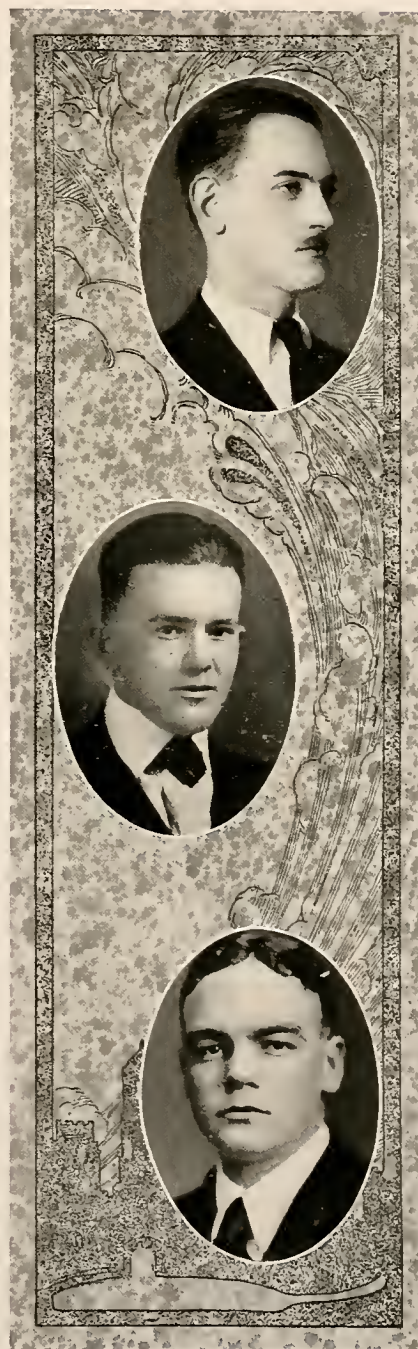
Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Pi Omega Literary Society '20-'21; Science
Club '20-'21.

BENJAMIN ALLSTON MOORE, Σ. A. E.
Union, S. C.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

President South Carolina Club '20-'21; Sci-
ence Club; Sigma Epsilon; Senior Ger-
man; Order of Gownsmen.





ROBERT WILLIS FLOURNOY, JR., $\Phi. \Delta. \Theta.$
Fort Worth, Texas.

Candidate for B. S. Degree.

Sigma Epsilon; Cheer Leader '20; Head
Cheer Leader '21; Rat Leader '20; Pan-
Hellenic '20, '21; Pres. S. M. A. Club;
Pres. Texas Club; Vice Pres. Junior Ger-
man Club '20-'21; Prowlers '20-'21.

MILTON ELMER NOLLAU, $\Phi. \Gamma. \Delta.$
St. Louis, Mo.

Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Glee Club Accompanist '20-'21; Sopherim,
University Choir; Order of Gownsmen.

RICHARD MANSFIELD DOUGLAS, $\Sigma. N.$
Bains, Louisiana.

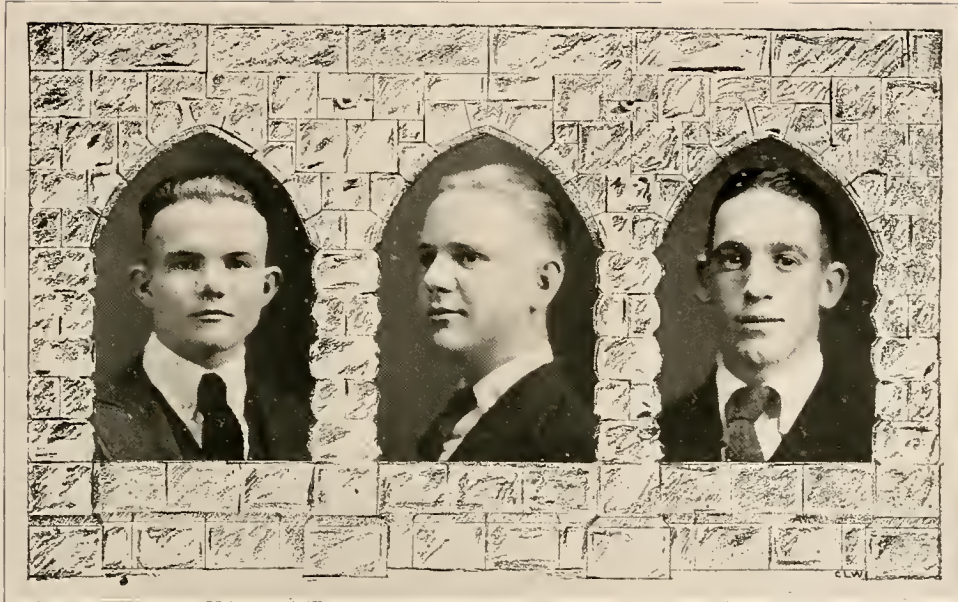
Candidate for B. A. Degree.

Pi Omega; Choir; Order of Gownsmen.





THE CLASS OF 1923



SOPHOMORE CLASS

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 Cobbs
 Devall
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 Shotwell

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 Carver
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 Snowden
 Hilsman
 Nelson
 Johnson
 Clarke, L.
 Bradley
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 Brown, W. M.
 Guerry, E. B.
 Denney
 Allen
 Milem, J. A.
 Milem, N. C.
 Moores, M. A.
 Boyd
 Calvit
 Farnsworth
 Lawrie
 Sanford

Wren
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 Hunt
 Grubbs
 Litton
 Jackson, W. O.
 DuBose, W. P.
 Ramsay
 Smith
 Cooke, L.
 Linthicum
 Seeber
 Long
 Metcalf, R.
 Gamage
 Evans, W.
 Helm, G. C.
 Benton
 Herin
 Harwell, R.
 MacBlain
 Rose
 Sloan
 Wilson, B.

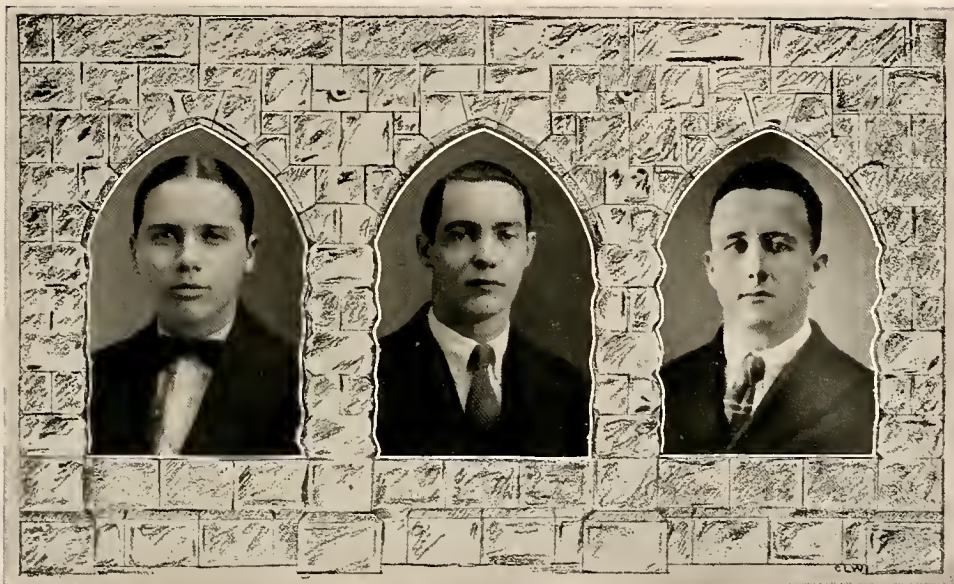




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20



THE CLASS OF 1924



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 Tintrow
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 Fraser
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 Nickel
 Donovan
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 Thompson

Lindamood
 Mathews
 Stivers
 Scott, T.
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 Butler
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 Wills
 Wallace
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 Jones, B. F.
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 Miller
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Theologica



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Pres. Order of Gownsmen; Sewanee Ambulance Unit.

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A Theological Fraternity Founded at Sewanee in 1919

Alpha ChapterSewanee

Beta ChapterPhiladelphia

Gamma ChapterBerkely

Valentine Hunter Sessions, Honorary Life President

MEMBERS

Pierce

Helms

Widney

Holt

Wharton

Spann

Swift

Cobb



In Memoriam

HENRY BURNETT, II.
THOMAS BAKER SPANN, B. A.



THE UNIVERSITY CHOIR

The Rev. Henry Disbrow Phillips, D. D. Chaplain
 Mrs. John Nottingham Ware Organist
 George Robert Tatum Sacristan
 Charles Frederick Hard Director

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Cooke, E. P.	Stoney
Cooke, W. J.	DuBose, W.
Douglas	Robertson
Clarke	Sessums
Harris	Lyman
Wakefield	Gracey
Guerry, L.	Rogers
Long	Cutler
Litton	Williamson
Morgan	Widney



Organizations



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Evans
Hargrave
Hard

Dearborn
Baird, K.
Williamson
Hard

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Boyd
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Cunningham
Denney
Flower
Gerner
Harwell
Koch
Linthicum

Minor
Matthews
Mershon
Nelson
Snowden
Sessums
Sturdivant
Wilson, B.
Wilson, W.
McNeal



Hodgson

Phillips

Black

Kirby-Smith

Lear

Barton

Gass

Cravens

Benedict

Clark, H. E.

Harper

Woolfolk

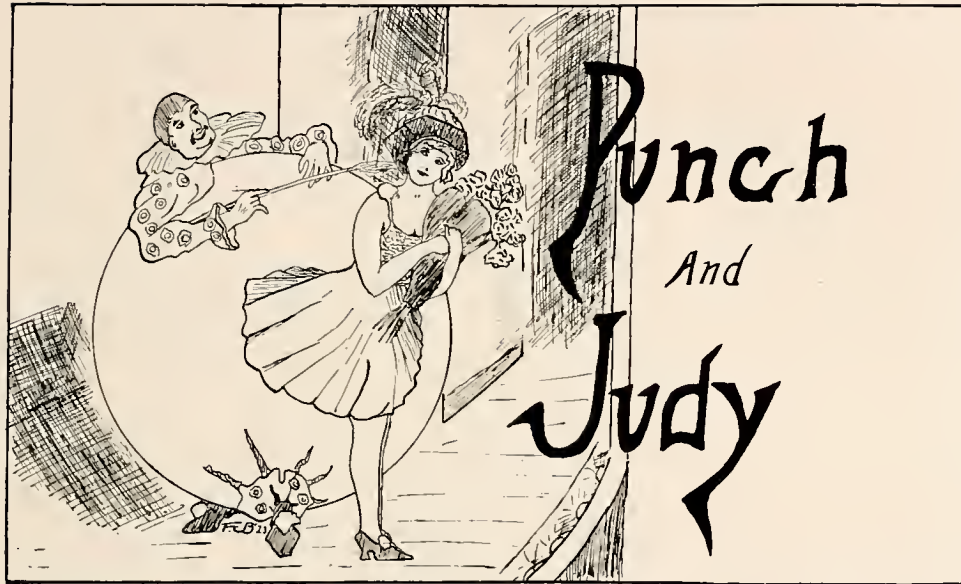
Brown, F. D.

Woolwine

Guerry, L.

Council. H.





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Hargrave	Cooke, E. P.	Sessums
Harwell, S.	Knight	Pierce

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 Rev. E. C. Wheat
 Rev. H. D. Phillips
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OUR SISTER CHAPTERS

Osiris	Randolph-Macon	Fortnightly Club	Trinity
Calumet	Vanderbilt	Attic	U. of Alabama
Senior Round Table...	U. of Georgia	Grub Street	U. of Washington
Odd Number Club...	U. of N. Carolina	Blue Pencil	Davidson
Boar's Head	Transylvania	Gordon-Hope	William and Mary
Scribblers	U. of Mississippi	Ye Tabard Inn	U. of Oregon
Kit Kat	Millsaps	Sphinx	Hampden-Sidney
Scarabs	U. of Texas	Ye Mermaid Inn	U. of Montana
Coffee House	Emory	Utah Scribblers	U. of Utah



A LETTER TO THE ALUMNI OF SOPHERIM

Dear Brothers :

Last night we initiated "Bish" Sessums with due formality and according to all the ancient customs and traditions. His claim for admission to the hall of fame is founded upon his success in the role of purveyor of locals with color. When the horse-play had ceased and the patient had regained consciousness, to the extent which his mental capacity allows, and was able to take nourishment we found him kicking too hard against the pricks and persuaded Major "Mac" to give him some good advice, which we pass on to you letting it stand on its own merits, and knowing full well that you will read between the lines and over the top.

ADVICE TO LODGERS AT ALL INN

"Young man, you aspire to write, knowing that the pen persuades powerfully. I only wish that I could persuade you to take my advice and heed my warnings. The world will often judge you unfairly by what you write, reading what you have not written, misconstruing, misquoting, plagiarizing, et cetera. Through it all stand back of what you typed and signed. Look your critics straight in the eye and never blink before their dazzling wit but choose what will help you. Hold your head erect, although you are weighed down; make no false move and offer no compromise even though hot slander roars close behind your back. Keep cool above all things and build on a firm foundation as solid as the stone of Scone. If you clothe yourself with dignity, then you will become worthy of respect. Truth will conquer in the end. To the victor belongs the spoils."

When the Major had finished there were tears in "Bish's" eyes. We were glad to see that he was so deeply impressed.

This year we are writing a travelogue instead of a novel. A novel idea, don't you think? You see each time the host of the evening submits a story of his most interesting adventure or visit and lies about it in a gentlemanly way. The usual flattering remarks and suppressed curses follow. At the succeeding meeting the next host carries on the narrative in the first person and tries to out-do his predecessor. The refreshments then ensue, being the delectable and inevitable two-course supper of "Whiskey and potatoes" a la peacock. We still meet bi-weekly, one week and then by and bye again.

Hoping you are living up to your pledge to learn a line of Shakespeare every day and to always cross your eyes and dot your tees,

Yours most faithfully, cordially and sincerely,

SCARAB



SIGMA EPSILON LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: "Carpe Diem"

Colors: Red and White

Fall	Officers	Spring
Hargrave	<i>President</i>	Hargrave
Tatum	<i>Vice-President</i>	Guerry, M.
Brown, F. C.	<i>Secretary</i>	Brown, F. C.
Robinson	<i>Treasurer</i>	Robinson
Neville	<i>Critic</i>	Pope
MacBlain	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Cooke, W. J.
Guerry, M.	<i>Historian</i>	Lyman

MEMBERS

Nelson	Gunn	Stoney
Brown, F. D.	Morgan	Clarke
Milem, C. R.	Brown, W. M.	Cheek
Widney	Nauts	Mathews
Willeford	Elam	Rather
Hollingsworth	Collins, J. L.	Morehead
Holt	Neville	Schoolfield
Banker	Woolwine	Flournoy
Hopper	Moore, B. A.	DuBose



SIGMA EPSILON AND PI OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETIES



In the *Cap and Gown* of 1895 there are two interesting historical sketches of Sigma Epsilon and Pi Omega, and two long lists of their presidents, orators, debaters, and essayists, with detailed statistics of medals and prizes won in glorious battles on and off the Mountain. It is no mean record of a quarter of a century of literary effort, not only for the societies, but for the University of the South. The roll calls abound in names of those whose first efforts, whose later renown in circles where men have achieved, and influenced and been eloquent in speech and in life.

In looking over the eight pages devoted in that annual to these literary societies, one is struck with the important part literary endeavor played in student activity, and in the life and development of the individual men. Ask any of those alumni, and how enthusiastically is there expression of debt to old Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon, and how the fire of rivalry rekindles in their faces! Quite interesting is it for one to note further that these same groups even undertook to edit publications. In the 80's they jointly edited the *Cap and Gown*, at that time a bi-monthly.

What have the last twenty-five years added to the records of these organizations? We wonder. Yet we know that their members are achieving, some rising slowly and surely to the heights of their predecessors. Though increased energy has been spent on athletics, though other literary societies have grown up to satiate the hunger of some for more opportunity to develop perfection in the use of pen and voice,—all of which has helped to scatter the interest centered on Sigma Epsilon and Pi Omega,—still the varying clubs, now large, now small, have carried on from year to year. Always have some earnest representatives been found to sustain their reputation. With the renewal of scholastic terms, and other times of revivals and renewed resolutions, two small bands have ever gathered to their respective standards, and many occurrences like the following have become familiar on Monday nights, when seven-day truces are broken in general-like manner:—

Introduced by a rattle of knives and forks, "Bill" Holden, with calm assurance, arises from his seat at supper and his confidently modulated tones announce the rendezvous and time of meeting for Pi Omega. Whereupon, President Hargrave of Sigma Epsilon, with a great confusion of sounds, lifts his trumpet voice in defiance and reminds all to meet promptly at seven-fifteen.

During the suspense that breathes of battle for the remainder of the meal, a likely Freshman, of intellectual brow and studious spectacles drops a casual inquiry concerning Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon. A Pi Omegan and a Sigma Epsilonite overhear him and impatiently bide their time. No sooner does the Freshman make an exit than he is seized by either arm and marched in the direction of Walsh Hall, a direction made crooked by his being jerked first to one side and then to the other, with a flood of words poured pleadingly into his ear.



"Join Sigma Epsilon."

"No! You must join Pi Omega."

"But ours is the best. It was founded in 1869."

"Yes, but Pi Lambda and Omega societies combined—just think! both of them—in 1872 to form ours."

"*Carpe diem*," impressively quoths the one, "Don't you like our motto?"

Apis Matinae more modoque," still more impressively quoths the other. "That is what Pi Omega believes in."

"Look at our namesake, Bishop Stephen Elliott, a founder of the University," and the man from Sigma Epsilon gives a particularly strong pull. The poor victim would object, but the Pi Omegan drowns his voice and gives a harder pull by way of emphasis to this astounding statement:

"Pi Omega stands for *two* founders, Bishops Polk and Otey. We are always the winners."

"You're a liar! Your memory is as small as your mosquito brain. Don't you know we won—"

The trio reach the doorway. The Freshman puts out his feet and balks. "Say, fellows, I don't want to join a literary society. I only asked my question because I am anxious to find the chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew."

And so it goes. Each has always known itself to be the better society and the one with the finer record; but honors have been right evenly shared. Haughty and disdainful as the two followings have appeared toward each other, their aspersions have been genial, and they have ever united on the best men, whatever their allegiance, to represent Sewanee, challenging or challenged to intercollegiate contest. In 1912 the two societies amalgamated; but respective traditions and the old spice of rivalry separated them again in three years.

Last year H. J. Quincey of Sigma Epsilon and W. Cabell Greet of Pi Omega took up Tulane's gauntlet and after a hot battle of eloquence, came back from New Orleans worthy victors. Frederick Hard won the essay medal for Sigma Epsilon in 1920; but debate, oratory and declamation went to Pi Omega, the first two being earned by T. N. Carruthers, and the other by J. Edward Harton.

This year started with few members attending, but attendance spasmodically increased. The neophytes were initiated with dignified oaths and hilarious extemporaneous addresses. Bill Nichol and John A. Manning were conclusive in their proofs, the one, that a house burns up, the other, that a house burns down. Another explained "Why living is so low when prices are so high." The question whether the turtle is a fish or an animal is still, as of old, a favorite query for exhausting—if not exhaustive—argument.

But not thoughtful food alone has provided repasts for the faithful men who have a taste for letters and oratory, for the dues (whenever their lordships the Treasurers are able to collect a few shekels) supply means wherewith to serve delicious banquets or "feeds" as the case of the moneys may be, where "twelve baskets full of the fragments" can not possibly be scraped together of that which remains over and above. At one feast, the big bucket of hot chocolate was borne from St. Luke's and set in a corner of the society hall to keep warm over the nearly smothered—at least invisible—flame of a three-inch Sterno heater. The cups to hold the welcomed drink came from the Supply Store's soda fountain, and, being made of waxed paper, melted almost before the toasts could be said and drunk to. In spite of such minor drawbacks, however, the other society envied their overjoyed rivals as the sounds of merriment were wafted to them on the fragrance of the delicacies.

Thus have Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon, the nucleus around which have grown Sewanee's literary activities, kept struggling happily and profitably on. Well may their efforts be crowned by the award of credits in the Department of Public Speaking. Whatever may be disdainful and discouraging, it is to be remembered that our two historic literary societies have existed longer than and have maintained as useful and as notable standard as any organized bodies among Sewanee students.



PI OMEGA LITERATURE SOCIETY

Fall

OFFICERS

Spring

Holden	President	Scott
Koch	Vice-President	Koch
Carruthers	Secretary	Carruthers
Sessums	Treasurer	Koch
Scott, J. F.	Critic	Cobb
Douglas, J. T.	Sergeant-at-arms	Kimbrough
Douglas, R. M.	Purple Reporter	Douglas, R. M.

MEMBERS

Pickering
Mershon
Lindamood
Elliott
Payne, M. L.
Rogers
Matthewes
Friend
Gale

Milem, J.
Smith
Long
Allen
Driver
Fraser
Carver
Ward, F. B.
Marable

Bradley
Sturdivant
Linthicum
Cunningham
Payne, B. B.
Skidmore
Helvenston
Park
Flower



CHELIDON

That speaker's head was solid bone
 Until he joined old Chelidon,
 Now that his debate is really won,
 It's due to all that Chelidon.
 And so many a speaker would be hid,
 If it weren't for all that Cheli—(did).

FACULTY MEMBERS

Dr. Bailey	Mr. Phillips
Dr. Baker	Mr. Ware
Dr. Benedict	Dr. Wells
Mr. DuBose	Mr. deBryun Kops
Mr. Hodgson	Mr. Dearborn
Mr. MacKellar	Mr. Knight
Capt. Bearden	

STUDENT MEMBERS

Hargrave	Guerry, M.
Hard	Carruthers
Pierce	Sanderfer
Satterlee	Holden
Widney	Harper
Tatum	Conway
Holt	Stoney



CHELIDON

The Literary Societies offer the student an invaluable opportunity for appreciation of all phases of literary activity, but they, by virtue of their size and the variety of their programs, are unable to train each individual member sufficiently for polished accomplishment in any particular phase. In 1884, four men, realizing this fact and appreciating keenly the inestimable value of being able to speak extemporaneously on any subject which might be brought up, conceived the idea of organizing a selective society for Gownsmen which should have for its sole purpose the development of its members along this line. The four were: MacKellar of South Carolina, Dashiell and Crockett of Texas, and Thompson of Louisiana; the offspring of their far-seeing minds, Chelidon. They founded well, for their organization has functioned actively and constructively through the vicissitudes of many trying years, and it presents today the same opportunities that it offered in years gone by to such men as Archdeacon Stuck, Major MacKellar and many others who have attained nigh on to perfection in the art of extemporaneous argumentation.

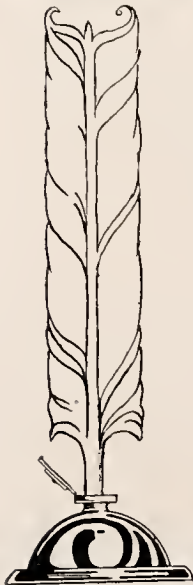
The University authorities were quick to appreciate the value of Chelidon, for here was a society whose membership included all the most active and thoughtful leaders among the students who gathered regularly in a feeling of good fellowship not only to settle in a convincing manner difficulties confronting the nation and the world, but to submit to intelligent discussion such problems of current weight and importance as were causing perplexity in the handling of the affairs of the University. They frequently came to Chelidon for advice, and Chelidon having said, it was often done. The end of many fast-fired, voluminous outbursts was not always in thick clouds of tobacco smoke curling over the meeting.

The name Chelidon is a Greek word, which being interpreted means swallow. It has been said that the word has a double significance in that not only does each member soar upward on the wings of oratory even as the swallow in his flight, but equally well does he swallow such refreshments as the host of the evening is kind enough to set before him.

The best opportunity for demonstration purposes in both these fields of activity comes of course at the annual banquet, which brings us down to the pleasant task of recalling the Chelidon banquet of last commencement.

To say that Archdeacon Stuck acted as toastmaster in his own inimitable manner is enough for those who knew him to appreciate that it was a great success. And yet there cannot but hang a shadow over the recollection of this joyful occasion for he who was the life of it is no longer among the living. The memory of this distinguished alumnus will always be fondly cherished by the members of this organization in which he was so intensely interested and for which he did so much. Although having known the active members present at the banquet for only the few short days of his visit, the remarkable intimate knowledge of the weaknesses of each one, manifested in the clever toasts he called for, was astonishing. Wit sparkled and flashed unaided by the proverbial festive vintage. Each responded ably and well as is befitting a true Chelidonian and not one of the twenty-five alumni and students who had the good fortune to be present will ever forget it.

May Chelidon always be worthy of its illustrious past!



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The Swancee Purple.

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 Wallace
 Williamson
 Hunt
 Rather

First Basses—

Cooke, E. P.
 Dearborn
 Knight
 Elliott
 Lyman
 Sessums

Second Basses—

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Boyd	Cooke, E. P.	Clark
Sturdivant	Harris, E.	Ward
Denney	Wallace	Butler
Neville	Benton, G.	Nichol
Cheek	Williams	Kent
Gracey	Allen	Oakes
Benton, G.	Guerry, L.	Robinson
Evans	Guerry, E.	Brown, F. C.
Williamson	Chenoweth	Wills
Minor	Snowden	Baird, J.
Freyer	Koch	Hilsman
Fite	Stickney	Mitchell
DuBose, W.	Gale	Moore, M. A.
Harris	Miller	Grubbs
Harwell	Metcalf	Lindamood
Payne, B.	Thompson	Friend
Nelson	Nauts	Gerner



eograph

(An elective society for the development of literary ability)

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William B. Nauts, Jr.
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William L. Nichol
John W. Cooke, Jr.
Edward B. Guerry
Guy C. Lyman
Amos Kent



THE SEWANEE UNION

Dedicated to the Memory of James Lawrence Houghteling

When Mrs. Houghteling had the Old Thompson Hall renovated and remade as a students club in commemoration of her husband, James Lawrence Houghteling, she little thought that she was erecting what was soon to become the heart and soul of Sewanee activities. For not only has the Union become what it was originally planned to be but it has so out-stepped the bounds of its intended domain that if it should suddenly be done away with Sewanee would be at a loss as to how to do without it. The Union is not only a common meeting ground for all the students and professors, but also the amusement center for the whole community. And so Sewanee finds itself in regard to the Union in much the same situation as certain parts of Ireland where the aborigines have a hard time making both ends meet by taking in each others washing. Should the Union burn down then Sewanee would indeed be in a truly awful position for where could the people gather to decide what to do about it in any other place than the Union.



THE UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB

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Harry E. Clark	Vice-President
Charles L. Widney	Secretary
Leland Rankin	Treasurer

Property—One nine hole course; other nine holes under construction.



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 E. R. MershonVice-President
 L. W. KochSecretary

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Berkey, D. W. (P)	Milem, J. A. (C)	Park, T. R. (E)
Chapman, B. W. (C)	Milem, C. R. (C)	Stoney, W. S. (B)
Davis, R. B. (C)	Linthicum, T. G. (C)	Woolfolk, C. M. (C)
deBruyn Kops, W. (C)	Minor, A. F. (C)	Harwell, S. K. (B)
Elam, J. A. (C)	Moore, B. A. (B)	Willey, A. G. (B)

Note—These men were entitled to membership through the sciences under which they are listed, C; Chemistry. E; Engineering. P; Physics. B; Biology.



THE TENNESSEE CLUB

OFFICERS

Long, President

Skidmore, Vice-President

Gracey, Sec.-Treas.

MEMBERS

Nicol
Mershon
Long
Skidmore
Gracey
Bradley
Minor
Harris, E.
Marable
Gibbons
Wallace, J.
Wintro
Wcolwine

Mitchell
Powers
Mason
Andrews
Sanderfer
Johnson
Gale
Elam
Ward, F.
Harwell, S.
Litton
Allen
Harwell, R

Driver
Gunn
Fite
Cooke, L.
Thompson
Evans, W.
Cunningham
Elliott
Benton, G.
Hoge
Hunt
Nauts
More, C.



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



OFFICERS

B. A. MoorePresident
W. S. StoneyVice-President
LeGrand GuerrySecretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

W. H. Begg—*Bill*Spartanburg
W. deBruyn Kops—*Prof.*..Charleston
W. P. DuBose—*Chappie*...Columbia
H. Fraser—*Ant*.....Georgetown
E. B. Guerry—*Harf Pint*, Charleston
M. Guerry—*Mootric*.....Charleston
L. Guerry—*Rip*.....Columbia
J. LeMaster—*Johnnie*.....Ridgeway
J. A. Mannig—*Jam*.....Columbia

D. A. Matthewes—*Chick*, Spartanburg
Mathews—*Senor*Charleston
B. A. Moore—*Bam*.....Union
M. A. Moore—*Champion*....Union
J. O. Morgan—*Pierpont*, Graniteville
S. H. Schoolfield—*Schooly*...Mullins
B. C. Smith—*Smitty*.....Georgetown
W. S. Stoney—*Bill*.....Columbia
H.H.B.Whaley—*Welly*, Edisto Island



MAVERICKS



THE TEXAS CLUB

OFFICERS

Flournoy, Ft. Worth President
 Collins, Greenville Vice-President
 Nelson, Nacadoches Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Flournoy Ft. Worth	Collins, J. C. San Antonio
Collins Greenville	Collins, L. H. Greenville
Nelson Nacadoches	Prude Colorado
Swift Abilene	Snell Martin
Kelley J. C. Waco	Oakes Marlin
Kelley, R. C. Henrietta	Widney Dallas
Kelley, P. R. Dallas	Edwards Sherman
Gerner Houston	Boyd Ft. Worth
Harper Texarkana	Stivers Greenville



THE ALABAMA CLUB

Motto: Here We Rest.

Favorite Saying: Live up to Your Motto.

Favorite Drink: White Corn.

Colors: Red and White.

State Flower: Golden Rod.

Favorite Flower: Iron Rod

Prize Resters

Humblest Rester, Grubbs

Easiest Rester, Cooke, E. P.

Restingest Rester, Hoyt

Eternal Rester, Coughlan

Workingest Rester, Hard

Enfeebled Rester, Cobbs

Retired Rester, McCullough

Established Rester, Dearborn

Surest Rester, Smith, J.

The Rest: Stiekney, Carr, Morrow, Harris and Chapman.




LOUISIANA



CLUB

LOUISIANA PRAULIENS

- L**ORD HIGH PICAYUNE
LITTLE BUT LOUD —*Schwing*
- O**FFICIAL DANCE MASTER
OUR DEFINITION OF GRACE —*Flower*
- U**NEQUALLED TELLER OF PAST DEEDS
GLY IS HIS NAME —*Kent*
- S**UCH A COTTON-TOP
SOMNAMBULANT SWEED —*Farnsworth*
- I**RREDESCENT PEN HANDLER EXTRAORDINARY
IRRESPONSIBLE POETETTE —*Douglas*
- A**UTOMATIC WORK DODGER
ANGELIC CHICK —*Chenoweth*
- N**EW ORLEANS SQUIRREL-FOOD
UTTY AS A PRAULIEN —*Sessums*
-
- C**ONTINUAL STIRRER OF AIR CURRENTS
UTE, CRAZY AND CALAREOUS —*Wharton*
- L**ORD OF THE JAZZ-BO'S
LIT-TUL GUY —*Lyman*
- U**NWORTHY TOSSER OF "LITTLE JOE"
NCLE JOSH —*Carver*
- B**ELIPOTENT BELLIGERENT
LOODTHIRSTY BOB —*Friend*



S. M. A. CLUB

THE OFFICERS

R. W. FlournoyPresident
 L. BoydVice-President
 J. F. HuntSecretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Dubose, M.	Cunningham	Schoolfield
Hoge	Evans	Schwing
Bailey	Farnsworth	Sloan
Park	Fite	Snowden
Woolwine	Flournoy	Sturdivant
Andrews	Helm	Tomlinson
Boyd	Hunt	Harris, E.
Cheek	Kelly, J.	Benton, G.
Cobbs	Pope	Wallace, J.
Jones, F. C.	Jones, F. P.	Yandell
Freyer	Gale	Chenoweth



MISSISSIPPI CLUB



OFFICERS

Exalted High Knocker.....	"Ox" Koch
Not Quite So High.....	"Mac" Payne
Grand Itching Palm.....	"Ike" Hollingsworth
Supreme Past Wielder of the Sacred Paddle.....	"Doc" Cheek
Unusual Hurler of the Mexican Discus.....	"Kildee" Phillips
Extraordinary Tossler of Cubical Golf Balls.....	"Kim" Kimbrough
Irreproachable Spreader of Soft Soap.....	"Lindy" Lindamood
Eternal Asker of Questions.....	"Ben" Payne
Water-boy to the Klu Klux.....	"Willie" Wills
Klux to the Delta Chickens.....	"Will" Sturdivant
Cushion Carriers for the High Knocker.....	"Shorty" Robison, Frances Jones
Bearer of the Sacred Paddle.....	"Gay" Helm
Grand Dailey Receiver of Pink Envelopes.....	"Willie" Wilson
Supreme Crool Heart Braker.....	George Neville
Exalted High Lady-Killer.....	William Cooke
Past Grand Joy of the Manicurists.....	"Sister" Gamage
Indiginuous Jelly-Bean Extraordinary.....	Kenneth Council
Past Present and Eternal Evergreen.....	William Morehead



GEORGIA CLUB



OFFICERS of Destruction and Misdemeanor

Banker.....Chancellor
 Bailey.....Vice-Chancellor
 Hilsman.....Dean of Theological Department
 Freyer.....Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor
 Linthicum.....Keeper of the Shekels
 RogersJanitor

Student-Body.
 Julian F. Scott.



SEWANEE ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL

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Prof. W. M. MacKellar

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Mr. E. H. Woolwine



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Mrs. C. K. BenedictFirst Vice-President
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Mrs. G. M. BakerSecretary

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Miss S. B. ElliottEducation
Mrs. J. M. Hunt.....Health and Sanitation
Mrs. W. H. DuBoseCemetery Endowment
Mrs. J. N. Thomason.....Cemetery Improvement
Mrs. Percy Cunningham.....Salvage and Playground
Mrs. R. P. Black.....Entertainment

FRATERNITIES



F. Craighill Brown





TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER OF ALPHA TAU OMEGA

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

In Urbe—

P. M. Brooks B. M. Brooks

In Officio—

Robert Lionel Colmore

In Academia—

Woolfolk

Hard

Hargrave

Coughlan

Rose

Evans, C.

Brown, W. M.

Widney

Harris, S.

Cooke, J. W.

Metcalf, E. K.

Miller

Scott, T.

Smith, J.

Nauts

Herrin



ALPHA TAU OMEGA

And Old Man Alpha Tau whose surname was Omega, called his sons about him and spake unto them, saying:

"The time has come and now is when ye shall know the truth about yourselves and the chronicles of each, engraved in the Great Record Book of my realm shall be made known. Woe is me, for I read from the oldest even unto the youngest.

"Of deBruyn Kops, called 'Billy,' it is written that none can detect the fetid fumes of neo-butyl iso-propyl amino diazo hexane as doth he. But great is his iniquity since he cannot tell how much does H. 2 O.

"Verily, the sheet of 'Johnnie' Dearborn, member of the scrub faculty, is mildewed with age. Blessed is he who teacheth trigonometry and kiddeth pretty girls.

"Next in seniority, but aged in years and wisdom is 'Sir Charles' who studieth to become Rt. Rev. Widney. That he can harangue the sinners into heaven is borne witness to by his page in the Great Book.

"The multitude crieth out in a loud voice but 'Exam' subdueth them with a louder. Behold the records say, he'll meet his Fay, by the way, some fine day, in the month of May, and manag'er in Fall City.

"'Freddie' Hard, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent, lifteth up his voice in song of everlasting praise to the Purple, the Glee Club and to Old Man H. 2 O., being the chief priest of them all. But the records declare the wonders he doeth in the realm of Jazzology.

"'Irish!' 'Irish!' my son 'Irish' who runneth whither and as fast as thou listeth, thy name is Coughlan. Great is the glory with which thou covereth thyself on the athletic field and in the midst of some transcendent bull session. Thy steadfastness is inimitable for the Great Book sayeth thou art an everlasting freshman.

"'Frosh' Brown seeketh great learning and leadeth his brethren into the fields of erudition. He forsaketh not his books for the foibles of the jelly-bean—so it is written.

"'Seurl' Harris is accredited with many degrees. Because he holdeth the Bachelor of Hot Spirits let no man proclaim him a rummy fellow.

"Alack! Alas! The freshman page is reached. The words of their mouths and the meditations of their hearts are but products of their wretchedness. But the Great Book speaketh ill of no man, not even of those (be)gat on pledge day. It sayeth of each in order: 'Blood' Miller and 'Jimmie' Smith eat up their opponents on the gridiron even as the Tiger devoureth his adversary in mortal combat. 'Bill' Cooke and 'Tom' Scott wear cotton holles as boutonniers lest some mistake them for Yankees. 'General' Metcalf walketh in the path of righteousness for he honoreth the world with fulsome chatter. 'Billy Boo' Nauts, stat magni nominis umbra.

Whereforth all the sons stood forth and bowed down even unto the earth and did give many "Rahs" in unison shouting with a lusty voice the praises of Old Man Alpha Tau."



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

"Well, fellows, Fort Worth is SOME town." The speaker was "Larry" Boyd holding forth at the first bulling contest of the Christmas holidays. "One of the buildings there is so high they had to put hinges on the last twenty-eight stories, so they could bend it and let the sun go by." A volley of hoots and hisses greeted this statement, but "Larry" was not at all phased; on the contrary he started out on another tale so monstrous and impossible that some one had to give him a cigarette to keep him quiet.

Oh, gentle reader, think not for a moment that this is the only kind of conversation which is carried on at the "Sig Alph" house. Oh, no, nothing like it, not a bit of it, far from it. We are blessed with the enlightening discourses of "Sir Roger de Coverly" Guerry, the aristocrat from Charleston, who lives on the south side of Broad Street, and is proud of it. He is an authority on all literary subjects, and has just declined an offer from "Jim Jam Jems" to accept the position of editor-in-chief of "Snappy Stories." While discussing our literary brethren I might do well to mention the great "Sir Roger's" better half (or should I say, improper fraction), the famous "'arf Pint" Guerry. "Half Pint" is noted for having the largest collection of "Jacks" in all subjects, of any man in school, and furthermore he has no equal in the line of parlor wit, and the merry jest. Among the "moonbeams of the larger lunacy" I might also mention "Bill" Stoney, the champion grind organ salesman of the world. "Bish" Sessums, the youthful violin genius, who even moves "Bo-Peep" Skidmore to tears when he plays. "Bam" Moore, who has ridden further on the "Blinds" than any other living man. "Champion" Moore, the pride of St. Luke's, who can stow away a dozen or so hot cakes and never hat an eye. "Horace" Nelson, the super-jelly-bean, and "Tom" Snowden, the mighty duck-hunter from Memphis.

From the mud flats of the Mississippi Delta we have with us "Kid" Yandell, the boy of a thousand loves; "Doc" Cheek, the diamond king; "Skit" Helm, one of the greatest authorities on penny-ante alive in the world today; also from Mississippi is "Peg" Brown, the future movie star. In brothers "Pinkie" Kent, "Bally" Schwing, "Bo-Peep" Skidmore, and "Skit" Helm, we have the undefeated poker quartette of the university. "Bally" Schwing has the hard-malted record of the south. It is reported that to beat his way home this Christmas he slept in the clothes hammock of a Pullman, and covered himself up with somebody's overcoat. We regret very much that his brother, "Jack Daniels" Schwing, did not return this year. "Johnny" Hunt intends to make his fortune dancing in the "Follies." He spent ten years in Egypt learning how to do the "Hoochy Kooch." He hails from Nashville and is one of the most noted beans of that famous city. "Zoo" Evans is the bat-boy of the Shelbyville Americans. He hopes some day to be a second "Babe" Ruth. It is a matter of much conjecture as to why he makes a trip to Murfreesboro every other day. However, we won't dwell on that subject any longer. Guy Lyman—oo-oooh what a thrill the mere mention of that name causes in many a fair damsel's heart. He is SUCH a sweet boy (they will all tell you) but he is so hard and cruel. His motto is "Make 'em think you love 'em, then throw 'em down cold," and judging from the broken hearts he leaves in his trail we are sure he lives up to it. "Don" Gracey is "Guy's" side-kick, and the two together have about as smooth a line of bull as one could wish for. They are the original Dixieland jazz hounds, and "hotstuff" is their middle name. We come now to those who hold the tea-fighting honors of the chapter, "Tunst" Cobbs, and "Ioway" Clarke. They are proficient in the art of tea-lapping and will gladly give lessons to the uninitiated as to the proper manner of handling a cup and saucer.

Stop! think not that everything at Tennessee Omega is of a frivolous nature. We have in our midst a band of determined, hard working, sincere young men, who are earnestly seeking to stamp out the sins of their fellows. The name of this band is the "Young Men's Temperance League." "Jack" McNeal is the president and vice-president; "Jawn" DuBose is the secretary and treasurer, and "Pig Iron" Hilsman is the member. Their aim is to stamp out the evil of drink and they are spending vast sums of money in an effort to discover some palatable beverage which has no authority. We congratulate them for their work, for the example they have set, and wish them all kinds of success.





TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER OF SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Officio

R. M. KIRBY-SMITH

J. C. PRESTON

In Theologia

W. S. STONEY

In Academia

Boyd	Hilsman
Brown, F. D.	Hunt
Chenoweth	Kent
Cobbs	Luckett
Cheek	Lyman
Clarke, L. W.	McNeal
DuBose, M. St. J.	Manning
Evans, W. G.	Moore, B. A.
Gracey	Moore, M. A.
Guerry, M.	Nelson
Guerry, E. B.	Schwing, E. B.
Hazlip, J. K.	Sessums
Hazlip, S. P.	Skidmore
Helm, G. C.	Snowden
Helm, G. M.	Yandell





OMEGA CHAPTER OF KAPPA SIGMA

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

J. N. Ware
J. P. Nicholson

In Officio—

A. L. Lear

In Academia—

Allen
Carruthers
Carver
Denney
Devall
Elam
Fraser
Friend
Kelley, J. C.
Holt
Le Master

Oakes
Pickering
Pierce
Powers
Sanderfer
Satterlee
Smith
Snell
Stickney
Wallace
Wills

Wren



KAPPA SIGMA

With only four missing out of twenty men, Omega, of Kappa Sigma, returned to the Mountain in splendid shape, and has been going strong since the first day of school.

During the summer, Satterlee had been in the wheat-fields of Kansas. Pierce and Holt in New York; Pierce preaching, while Holt was "just seeing the town." Allen and Devall pumped gasoline for "Uncle John D." in Memphis. Mr. Ware rode a bicycle up and down the hills of Virginia, making maps and collecting data relative to the Civil War. Pickering had been in Arkansas prospecting for oil. Matthews spent the summer at the sea-shore, exposing his fair skin to the sun, and his divine form to the ladies. Smith had been doing shocking things in an electrical shop. Wrenn was editor-in-chief, cub reporter and office boy for the *Martin Daily Excuse*. Elam and Sanderfer, our most high and mighty seniors, remained on the Mountain for the Summer School. Just what Baron Denny busied himself with the writer was unable to ascertain. From his wild tales, however, one is inclined to believe he was "treating" the ladies the entire summer.

Saturday night is always feed night at the little log house. Under the soft light of the shaded bulbs, the boys eat, drink, shimie and toddle until the wee small hours arrive. It is needless to say that "Misses" Devall, Stickney and Smith are most popular. Many of the "Brethren" owe their ability to dance, as well as shake, to the efforts of the selected school of dancing maintained by these "Sweet Young Things."

As the term draws to a close, one thinks of good times spent together, and wonders if the coming year will again find us gathered around the big fire-place, where so many happy hours have been spent. One can never tell, but only prophesy. So I close my eyes trying to see more clearly what the future will hold for each of us. Before me is a beautiful park. Approaching me comes a pompous gentleman with a very rotund outline about the belt. His rotundity is obscured as he bows blandly to the ladies; I note he is bald. Upon enquiry I learn that this celebrated man is no other than the great Gordon D. Pierce, Bishop of New York, out for his morning constitutional. This and other wonders I see and hear of. Paul C. Sanderfer has written a book entitled "How I Got My D. S. C." Bob Friend is selling perfume; Mavis, Cutex and Lipsticks, at Marshall Fields. He says that he is supremely happy, now that he is entirely surrounded by all his friends. Tom C. Carruthers has become a super-jelly-bean, even surpassing the "Baron." Since the prohibition here in Sewanee, Devall, Pickering, Wallace and Kelley have developed a sudden fondness for Bridge. We wonder why. Tommy Wren has joined Barnum & Bailey's circus in the capacity of "The Human Skeleton." We are told that he weighs ninety pounds and has married the "Fat Lady," the two of them totaling only seven hundred and ninety pounds. Mr. Ware is rich, having discovered a process for restoring hair. The principle consists of rubbing violently, with the fingers, the barren places. Mr. Ware has completely sodded his once glistening "dome" with thick, wavy locks. Joe Denny is general manager for a school of correspondence, which gives courses in "How to become a Jelly-bean." The Baron still maintains his spats and walking cane, believing them to be two of the principal requisites of a modern "Jelly." "Chic" Matthews and Elam have been employed by the "Arrow Collar Company" to demonstrate their products from drug store windows. Tommy Holt is singing in the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. It is rumored Holt received his training at Ruark's Cove, near Sewanee, singing "Throw Out the Life Line" to his congregation. Satterlee is playing end man with Al. G. Fields Minstrels. He is "pulling down" \$1,000 a week, and is rivaling the glory of the once famous Bert Swar. Buford C. Smith is track coach at a large Eastern university. He gives all credit to the able coaching of Julian Scott. No one has equaled "Smithy's" record from the golf links to Van Ness Hall. Joe Stickney has developed into an inventor. His greatest invention being an instrument for hale and hearty deaf people. It is rumored that the invention was perfected primarily for his mother-in-law. Wills has become quite expert in golf, thanks to the interest shown in him by Dr. Baker. Oakes and Snell struck oil and now own a Texas ranch which outshines the famous "101." John LeMaster has become a brilliant Bible student, having received his start from his especial fondness for Ruth. Fraser is still "puney" looking, but he prides himself upon the fact that he can now speak English and be understood. He is "aboot" the first South Carolinian who has ever attained this distinction. Carver and Powers are connected with Harvard University. Carver occupies the chair of economics, while Powers is head coach of the gridiron.



PHI DELTA THETA

A Session.

Scene: A large and spacious room in the Phi house luxuriously furnished, a roaring fire in the old-fashioned fire-place around which are sitting "Blue-Jay" Flournoy, "Hickey" Woolwine, "Prince" Fite, "Beak" Long and "Rip" Guerry. All are engaged in a heated discussion.

Blue—"That's what I said and if you don't believe it, I can prove it to you."

Beak—"Aw gawan, Blue."

Blue—"Keep your nose out of this, Long. What do you know about it anyway."

Rip—"But Blue, you just said—"

Blue—"I didn't say anything of the sort. Now let me tell you—"

Hickey—"Somebody's mixed you up, Blue."

Blue—"Mixed up your eye! Don't you reckon *I know!* Why, it's just as clear as a crystal. Now don't interrupt me again and I'll explain it to you."

Prince—"Well, blow it out."

Enter "Pretty" Schoolfield and "Ugly" Edwards.

Rip—"What do you think about it, Ug?"

Ugly—"Flournoy's right without a doubt." (Aside—"I can't talk fast enough or loud enough to argue with that bird.")

Blue—"Well give me time will you. I said—"

Hickey—"Blue says the Gar—"

Blue—"That's the way you go. Now if you'll listen—"

Enter "Tommy" Tomlinson with a "sacked" expression on his face.

(All put their fingers in their ears.)

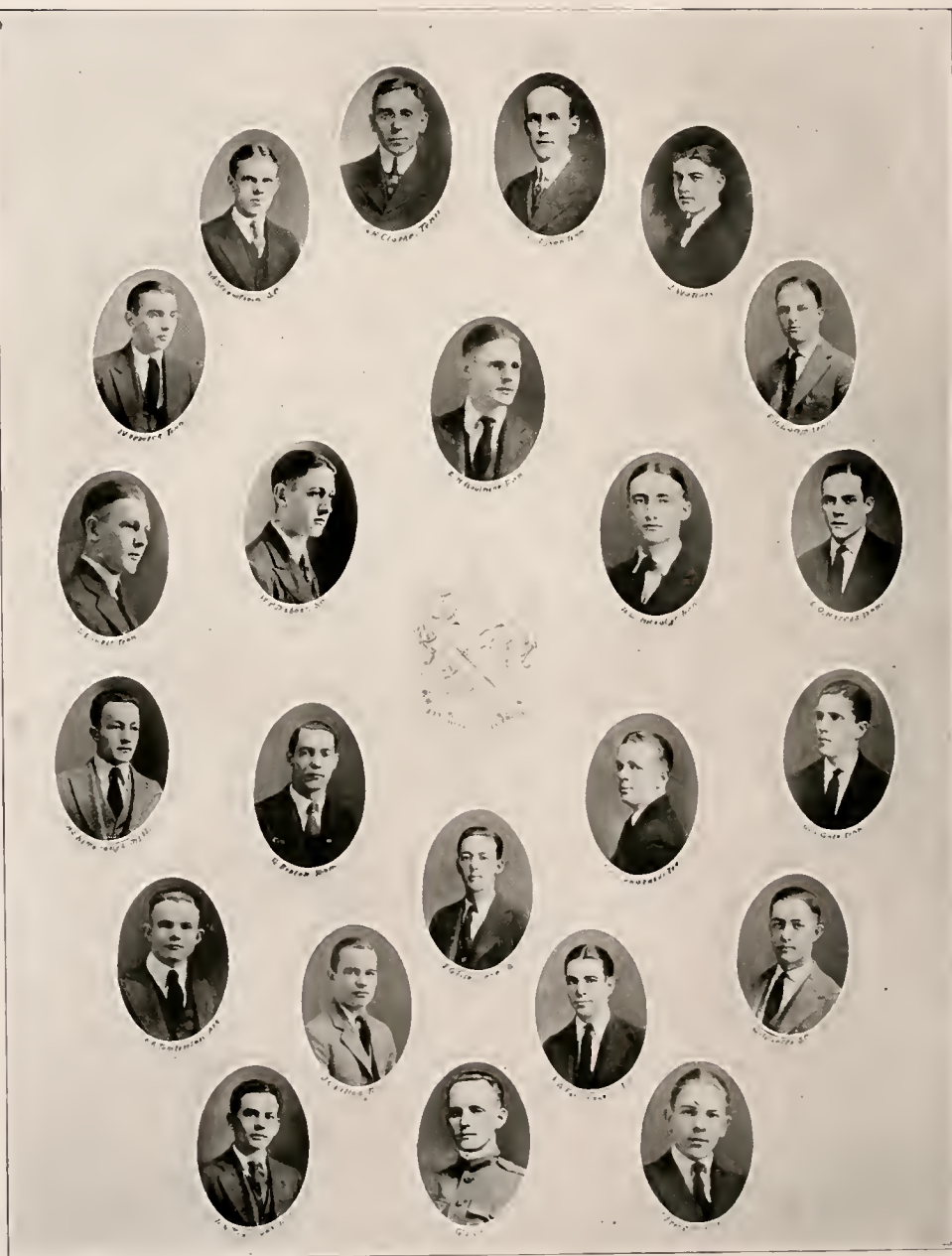
Crowd around the fire in chorus—"Outside."

Tommy—"Well she told me—"

Blue—"Silence, fellows! Now, any fair minded man will agree with me when he hears my proof. The reason I say the Garden of Eden was in Texas is, first because it's the logical place for it. Also the second letter in Texas stands for Eden. Deny that if you can. Then finally, Fort Worth is just full of people who are direct decendants of Adam."

Unanimous groan.

Curtain.





TENNESSEE CHAPTER OF PHI DELTA THETA

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

H. M. Gass

G. H. Clarke

In Officio—

Telfair Hodgson

In Academia—

DuBose, W. P.

Benton, G.

Edwards, F. Z.

Fite, F. G.

Flournoy, R. W., Jr.

Frierson, J. B., Jr.

Gale

Gibbons, J.

Guerry, L.

Harris, E. O.

Kimbrough, H.

Litton, J. C.

Lawrie, D. J.

Long, F. H.

Nichol, W. L., Jr.

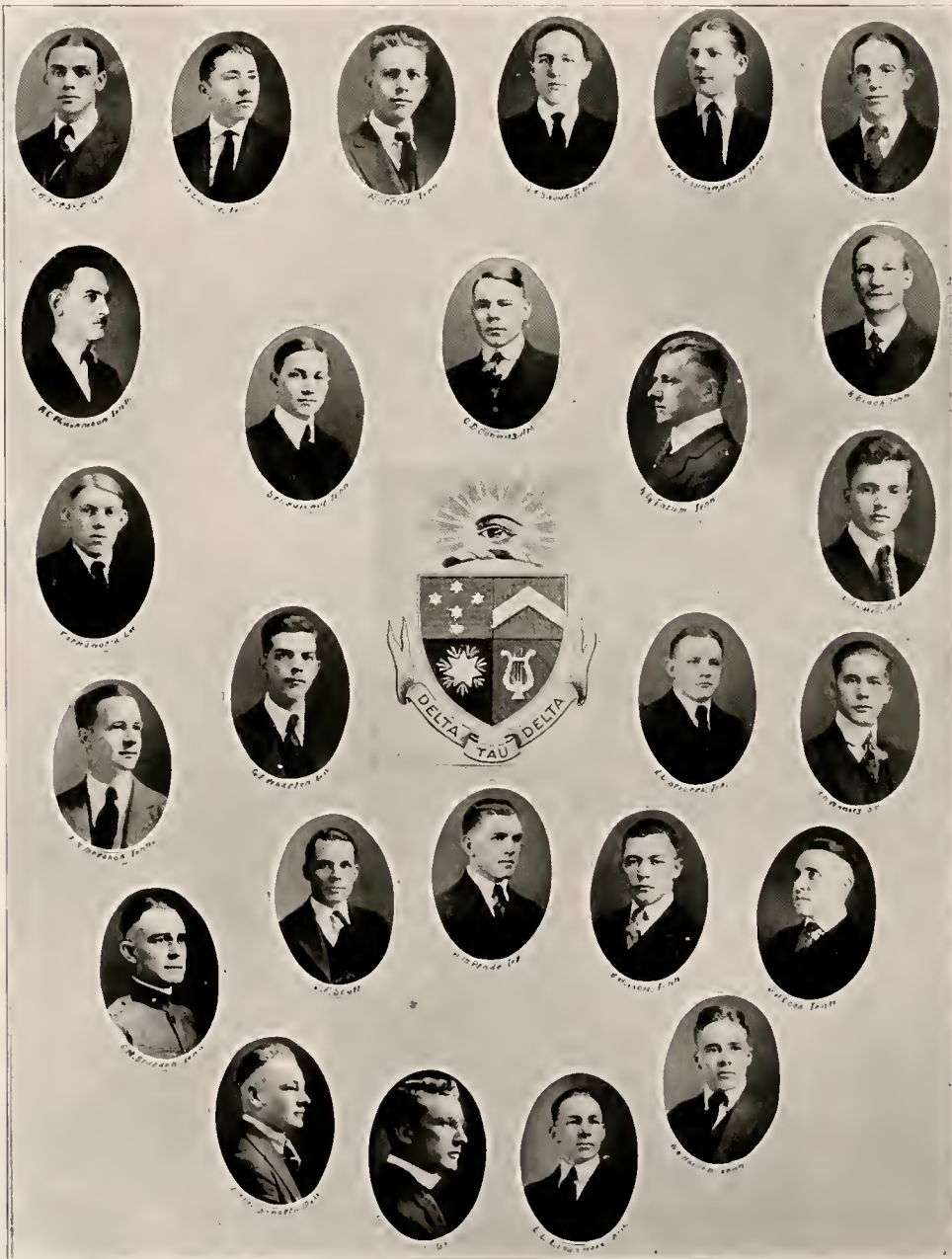
Schoolfield, S. H.

Tomlinson, F. R.

Thompson, N. W.

Wallace, W. J., Jr.

Woolwine, E. H.





BETA THETA CHAPTER OF DELTA TAU DELTA

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

Rev. H. D. Phillips
Rev. E. M. Bearden
R. P. Black
L. W. Fawcette

In Officio—

Leon Kirby

In Academia—

Conway
Tatum
Whaley
Holden
Scott, J. F.
Hamilton
Minor
Williamson
Murray
Farnsworth
Tullis
Hollingsworth
Kendall
Wilson, B.
Cunningham
Wharton
Sturdivant
Mershon
Lindamood
Stivers
Shook
Collins
Prude
Elliott
Cobb
Freyer



DELTA TAU DELTA

In listing the illustrious members of the Dalota lodge it would seem that the brothers should be commented upon in order of rank and fame. However, in so doing the writer would, of course, deserve first mention; modesty forbids that I do such, therefore I will start with the most lowly.

For this position Brothers Freyer, Whaley and Holden are hot contestants, none of them registering better than 5 feet 4 in the record book. Close on the heels of these three comes Hamilton, who at one time seriously considered joining the aforementioned group until one of the Nashville belles told him "how big and strong" she thought him.

We are proud to state that several of our brothers have joined the C. B. B. Club (Can't Be Bothered Club). We have always been prominently represented in this organization and at present have the Vice-President (Brother Tullis) and the Secretary-Treasurer (Brother Williamson), the President being "Irish" Coughlan, of our friends the A. T. O's. Through the efforts of the aforementioned, Brothers Murray, Wilson, Farnsworth and Cunningham have lately been passed upon to uphold the traditions of laziness and indifference and to carry on the good work of the club.

One of our most illustrious brothers is Tatum. Brother Tatum is well known in athletic circles for his mountain climbing proclivities. It is even rumored that he put a piano upon a mule's back and sitting jauntily astride the beast's left ear, played and sang with expression, "There's a long, long trail a-winding," all the way up seven thousand feet of mountain to his camp.

No less famous is "Beta Xi" Wharton, who after being run over by nine motorcycles, a flotilla of sub-chasers and a flock of geese, leapt to his feet and defied them to bring on the tanks and mosquito fleet. We can vouch for the truth of this story, since its hero told the tale to us himself.

Speaking of the late war reminds us of "Poppa" Conway. (He swears that he is only 25, but we know that he'll never see 30 again.) "Poppa" served first in the French and then in the American army, spending most of his time driving a Ford and the rest "cussing" the Kaiser or anything else handy. "Poppa" says there may be no place like home, but give him ten days furlough in "Parce" and six months back pay and he'll forego the pleasures of home; at least for that ten days.

I'm going to write up the remainder of the lodge in pairs; kill two birds with one stone as it were. Brothers Scott and Minor are both on Sewanee's Championship track team and we are justly proud of them. We only hope that they never get into competition with Barney Oldfield, for it would make Barney feel mighty bad to get licked.

Stivers and Shook, and Prude and Kendall are in our heavy-weight division, both from a standpoint of avoirdupois and eating ability. There has been much talk of late concerning a food absorbing contest between our four stars and any ten men on the mountain, but nothing has come of it as yet.

Lindamood and Elliotte are undoubtedly cut out for the diplomatic service. For mere freshmen they have the most convincing soothing-syrup line of conversation ever heard in the Lodge. Mrs. West would undoubtedly have cast them out of Miller Hall but for this "gift o' gab." Needless to say, they are candidates for the B. S. degree.

Hollingsworth and Cobb are without doubt made and fashioned for the wily tasks of the shyster lawyer. The way they figure up pro's and con's for and against the freshmen is nothing short of marvelous.

Last but by no means least come "23" and "Brodas." Mershon is known throughout the University by the name of "23." We can venture to say that not more than half the student body knows that he has any other name. How Sturdivant got the monicker of "Brodas" we need not mention here. The facts are well known. Suffice it to say that with the Lodge fund he never parts and his weekly grouch for money has become an institution.

This winds up the list from the highest to the lowest. I have faithfully recorded and chronicled them all. My faithfulness to the cause should so inspire the reader that any errors, grammatical, rhetorical, historical or oratorical would be beneath his notice.



KAPPA ALPHA

Attention "Strangler" Lewis! The Mighty "Ox" Koch is after you.
Come listen you gang, to the fables in slang, the jests and the puns on the favorite sons of Old Man Kappa Alpha. It was to "Mac" Harper these rhymes did come and so we beseech you if they are bum don't blame them on old "Alfalfa."

Now young "Sam" Harwell's delicate ear will never allow him to stay and hear the empty bull in sessions thrown by Seaton Grantland Bailey, whose face is real solemn and looks are quite sober when last April's jokes he tells in October, but his face lightens up when he sees he can spill some incriminating news about young "Willie" Wilson, who gets bright green letters addressed in red ink saying "Fly to my Willie." Oh, what do you think! But speaking of getting those notes from the girls there is no one among us who's not but a churl when compared to the Idols of Merry Old Houston, young Gerner and Cummings. (I can't make the rhyme, but take my assurance I'll make it this time on "Don Hortense" Aves, Carranza's cute pet, who does the fandango with grace and with ease and shakes his white shoulders without moving his knees.)

Continual rhyme very often gets old before half the plot of the story is told, but I must tell you all that "Sailor Baird" bold, has left the "Pitch Pine" and come back to the fold. Now meet "Bobbie" Harwell who'll take up the story, and tell of his girls (there he's in his glory!) and also will mention the rest of the bunch, and tell of these strong men with power and punch.

"Come on gang, for hyeh we go," says "Jimmy" Baird of Nashville,
To hear him call when he plays football you'd never think him bashful.

From that same town there comes "Nnt" Sloan, a right hand man at parties,
A dancing man, a prancing man, "Aye, Aye, heave ho, my hearties."

And after him there comes Ben Payne, all full of questioning,
His brother "Mac" called "Crackaloo" is fearless, bold and daring.

A statesman true is our Gladstone, whose family name is Rogers,
He keeps the matrons quite at ease with all their boisterous lodgers.

And now we'll have a dance of nymphs, with naught that's crude about it,
For Clarence Flower is grace itself and none of you should doubt it.

Speaking of grace reminds us of that big Council, "The Jelly,"
Who has 'em vamped by every name from Angeline to Nelly.

Quite unlike him is Southerlin who never takes a chaser,
But smacks his lips and shakes his hips, o'er his whiskey-soda bracer.

Different from this, a hypnotist, is Greenville's McNutt Paxton,
He toots his horn from dark till dawn, he should have been a klaxon.

Now Council K. won't toot his horn, he swears himself a joker,
He has his four kings topped each time: such is his luck at poker.

Next comes a lad whose face so sad is like a steady anchor,
To dames whose storming babes do squall, this "Bull Montana" Banker.

Now Ziegfield has an easy time a-picking out the beauties,
But he can't rival George Neville in landing of the cuties. (So he say!!)

"I'd rather be from Arkansas than Mississippi's borders,"
Said Gordon Rather, "for you state is full of night marauders."

And now you'd better get a rock and nail the sidewalks down,
For Robison, of Holley Springs is "beaning" into town.

And with him beans "Li'l" Francis Jones also from Mississippi,
The way the girls all fall for him you'd really think them dippy.

But all the fellows in the bunch are not as bad as all that,
For instance take "Doc Schudy" Payne who wields a wicked ball-bat.

Or else take brother George Gammage whose purse is full of dollars,
That he has made by posing for the far-famed Arrow collars.

Again take brother Joe Collins, in Saint Luke's he's so quiet
But when he gets out in a crowd he's sure to start a riot.

And now I've told you all I know about the K. A. Brothers,
Just turn this page and some wise sage will tell about some others.





Alpha Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

Col. D. G. Cravens

In Academia—

Harper

Banker

Bailey

Koch, L.

Payne, M. L.

Payne, B. B.

Council, H.

Council, K.

Baird, K. M.

Baird, J. R.

Flower

Gerner

Neville

Collins

Sloan, P

Park, R.

Harwell, S.

Harwell, R.

Payne, W.

Rather

Rogers

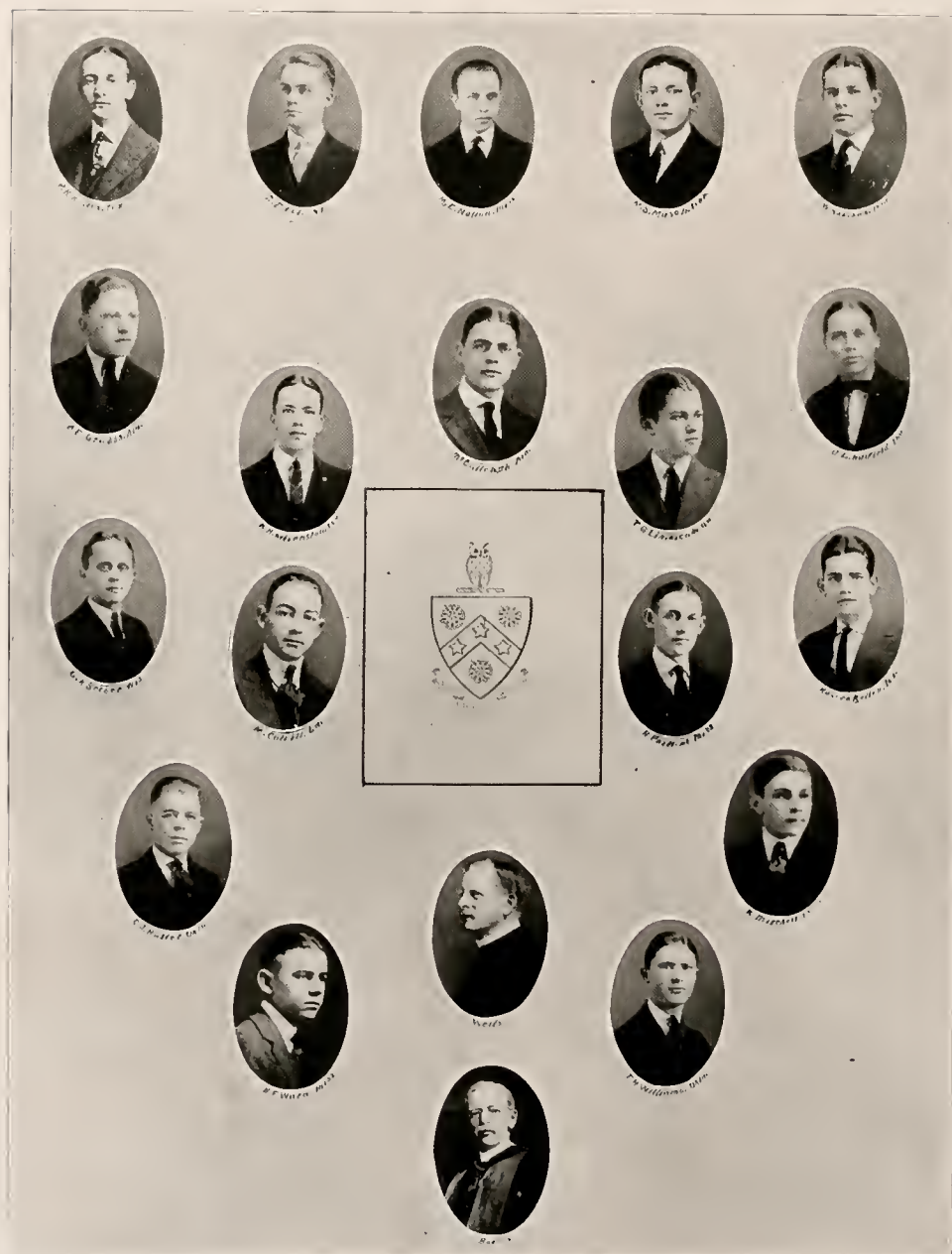
Robison

Jones, F. C.

Wilson, W. J.

Gammage

Paxton





GAMMA SIGMA CHAPTER OF PHI GAMMA DELTA

In Facultate—

Dr. C. L. Wells

Dr. S. M. Barton

In Officio—

W. M. McCullough

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

Linthicum, T. G.

Phillips, R.

Mason, M. S.

Kelley, P. R.

Helvenston, R. H.

Nollau, M. E.

Ramsay, J. W.

Butler, C. J.

Mitchell, R. H.

Calvitt, M.

Grubbs, A. E.

Hatfield, J. L.

Kelley, R. C.

Williams, T. H.

Seeber, G. K.

Ward, B. F.

Ward, F. W.

Cole, D. E.



PHI GAMMA DELTA

We, the Gamma Sigma band of "Fiji's" (Not Fiji Islanders, patient readers) defy all the Greeks on this Rock to present a more ignoble lot of Freshmen than those we have recruited this year.

First, let us introduce Brother Hatfield. "Jack" looks as though he just stepped off of Keith's Circuit (until he plays his banjo—when you know he did not), although he swears he's only representing one of Evansville's tailoring companies. His running mate is Butler from Oklahoma and undeniably "the man without a doubt."

One of the greatest events of the year was the game in which Brother "Red" Williams defeated the "Pope" out near Green's View. Even Dr. Baker had to acknowledge defeat at the hands of this up-start from Oklahoma. "Red" challenges any one on the Mountain or anywhere else to a game at any time. (Don't crowd—plenty of time.)

The two Wards, though not twins, strongly resemble each other. Frank positively assures us that he will be able to get his degree by 1926, if the Faculty will endure him that long. "Little" Ward, on the other hand, is a strong advocate of the theory that "children should be seen and not heard" and is "mum" on all subjects.

George Seeber decided that "batching" was no joke, and induced his sister to come south and keep house for him. He is going in for journalism and promises all of the brothers a good write-up in the "Matrimonial News." "Don" Cole, who is so generous with Pall Malls, hails from "Li'l Ol' N' Yawk," while Roger Kelley, always paged as "Spike," is the handsome, gay, young Lothario from Texas, who with his senior brothers, Grubbs and Calvit, belong to the most secret order of "Let's Elope," the organization which Brother James Carter founded with success (?).

Among our older men, "Gob" Calvit comes to mind first. He, it is certain, will never forget Sewanee. We have got to hand it to "Gob" for driving away the "blues," for that boy surely is clever at the drums. He swears, though, that he never heard of the Ghouls. Next to him is to be mentioned Brother Paul Kelley, the ventriloquist. He, with Brother Calvit, insists on keeping the scholarship of the chapter on a high level.

"Tommy" Linthicum is the boy who really knows a lot. What he doesn't know about finance is that a collector sometimes makes friends. "Tom" is second to none as a bookkeeper. Next to him in the business world is Brother Phillips, private secretary to Mr. Shepherd. "Bob" says being a stenographer isn't all it's cracked up to be, so he's going in for French. He quotes De Maupassant, especially from "Mile. Fif."

"Jack" Ramsey, who bids fair to equal the beanstalk in stature, wants all young ladies to know that he has just graduated from his correspondence school course in dancing. He has already had many offers from Mrs. Vernon Castle, but declined them all because he believes that a college education is essential to all young men. "Jack's" pal, "Reggie," bids fair to become the leader among the Mountain "Fifi's." Helventson's favorite song is "Our 'Fiji' Honeymoon." This reminds us of Brother Grubbs, that dreamy-eyed boy from Alabama. We all agree that Allan will be a good husband and he vows that "Your Eyes Have Told Me So" will be the only song he will ever use as a lullaby.

Brother Mitchell comes from Tullahoma, the largest town between Estill Springs and Normandy. Brother Mason comes from Decherd, the junction for all trains west. He says he is going to take a course in finance. We all agree that it is with the intention of taking charge of a jewelry business in a town farther up the road. Brother Nollcu hails from St. Louis and agrees with all Missourians that St. Louis puts it all over Chicago.

Of chief importance is Brother McCullough (who valiantly protests against the argument that the war wrought only disaster). He asks to have it known that all questions from his "Advice to the Engaged" column in the Sewanee Purple will be answered in turn and by mail.

This chapter is still in the infant stage, but we intend to make history on this Mountain. Watch our step.



BETA OMICRON CHAPTER OF SIGMA NU

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

In Facultate—

Darius Weller Berky

Beals E. L. French

In Academia—

Douglas, R. M.

Driver, D. M.

Milem, J. A.

Milem, C. R.

Gunn, W. C.

Marable, J. H.

Johnstone, H. F.

Tau Gamma Phi Alumni—

Cushman, R. B.

Anderson, A. A.

Shotwell, W. I.

Manley, G. M.

Willeford, J. F.

Donovan, C. E.

Benton, W. G.

MacBlain, R. E.

Helms, J. R.

The Eternal Chapter,

Thomas Baker Spann



PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL

FRATERNITY REPRESENTATIVES

FALL TERM

Alpha Tau Omega,
Woolfolk, Coughlan

Kappa Sigma,
Satterlee, Sanderfer

Delta Tau Delta,
Conway, Scott, J. F.

Phi Gamma Delta,
Calvit, Helvenston

Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Brown, F. D., Stoney, W. S.

Phi Delta Theta,
Woolwine, Flournoy

Kappa Alpha,
Harper, Banker

SPRING TERM

Alpha Tau Omega,
Hard, Woolfolk

Kappa Sigma,
Satterlee, Sanderfer

Delta Tau Delta,
Conway, Scott, J. F.

Phi Gamma Delta,
Grubbs, Helvenston

Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Brown, F. D., Stoney, W. S.

Phi Delta Theta
Woolwine, Flournoy

Kappa Alpha,
Baird, K. M., Flower, C. S.

Sigma Nu,
Helms, Driver



Athletics





THE FOOTBALL SQUAD OF 1920



THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1920



It is hard indeed to write a true record of a team's season in which that team did not win any of its major games. It is hard, because the bare facts do not do justice to the team, the coach, or the college. Therefore the history of the Sewanee team of 1920 is one which is difficult to record, since the Tigers of last year had a season which might truthfully be called a successful failure. It was a failure from the standpoint of scores, for they did not win a single one of their big games; but it was a glorious success from the standpoint of the men, for in every game won, lost or tied there was that fight, that undying gameness that has always been the characteristic of true Sewanee men.

To those who were not fortunate enough to see the eleven of 1920 go through their season last year this preface is addressed, lest when they read of the reverses met by them they blame the coach or the men. Those who went with the team through the season are proud of it; they are proud of the courage and manhood of the men and the real sportsmanship of the coach.

The season opened late in September with Coach Nicholson at the wheel; for a week that able gentleman whipped the squad into shape for head Coach Earl C. Abell, who was still at the eleventh hour studying a new and varied attack for the Tiger team. The first game had been scheduled for October 1st, and not until a few days before the game did Coach Abell appear. He was in time, however, to give the members of the squad a few signals from Punt Formation and into the first battle of the season they went, all eager to spill blood and to wipe last year's records from the slate. There was a surprise waiting for the Tigers. Bryson had a strong and scrappy bunch for so early in the fall and at the end of the game Sewanee was winner by a scant seven points to Bryson's none.





A week of hard work followed in which the Coach got his men in tip-top shape. Every night the lights in Dr. Barton's class-room burned for an hour where the men were going through a skull practice that penetrated the densest. The plays of last year were followed during the first part of the year and it seemed that the work on the field was more harmonious than some of the men had ever witnessed before.



When the day came to play Georgetown of Kentucky the team was in prime condition. For the first half of this game the playing was ragged, but between halves the players pulled themselves together and, although the score was only 14 to 0 at the end of the first half, forty points were added to Sewanee's side of the score board. The game ended 54 to 0. The Tiger was getting right.

Oglethorpe University was scheduled for the next Saturday, October 16. After a week of stiff workouts, the team set out for Atlanta where it found hot, sultry weather. Some said that it did make a difference and others said that the weather had nothing to do with it. But at any rate the team played well during the first half of the game, scoring three touchdowns to Oglethorpe's none. Then the tables turned and the Petrels came back in the second half like a whirlwind and put over two touchdowns while the Tigers could only hold what they had already gained. The Purple banner floated over the field at the end of the game; the score-board read, "Sewanee 21, Oglethorpe 13."

"Kentucky State next," was the cry on the campus for the following days. The Purple Warriors were determined to break the jinx that had made them share honors with Kentucky ever since the two institutions had been playing each other. Not only were Sewanee and Kentucky State even in point of games but also in the number of touchdowns made. Yes, the Purple must float over Lexington, and it was with this spirit that the team went into action. It did not take them long to put one touchdown across, but beyond that the Tigers could not go. In the last part of the fourth quarter the Wildcats scored a touchdown. With only a few minutes to play the Tigers tried desperately to win, but the end of the game showed that again the honors must be divided for the score was 6 to 6. Although a tie, it was a real game from every standpoint.

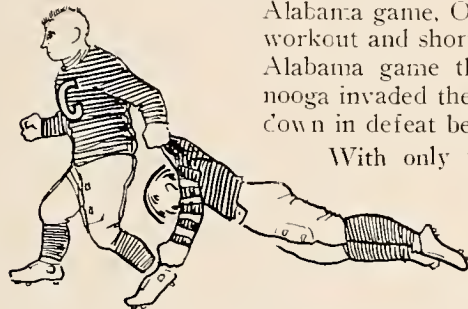
Could Sewanee beat Alabama? It would be a tremendous task and a great help, for Alabama was still grinning in consequence of its victory last year. Forty points must be wiped out and the honor of the Purple redeemed in Birmingham. Could Sewanee beat Alabama? It could and must be done or the Tiger would know the reason why. With claw sharpened and fang showing the Tiger opened up the fight with the thin Red Line. Up and down the field the battle raged. The small group of rooters that had followed the team yelled like demons for the hard fighting players. Twice at the goal the Purple line held like a stone wall. But Alabama had one asset that Sewanee could not boast nor could she find among her sons. Alabama had Stevenson, the most powerful plunger in the South. And he it said here that Sewanee had fighters among her backs—men who gave their all—but there was not on the roster a single man who had that drive, that irresistible power of punching





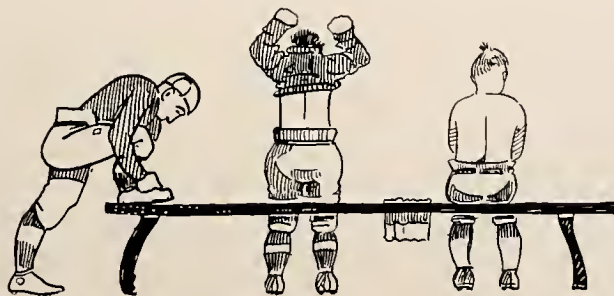
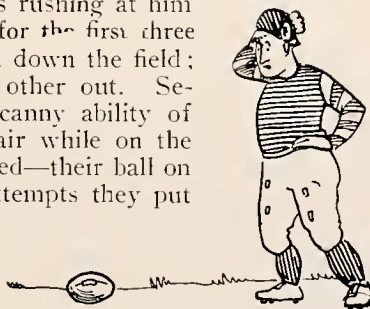
through a line when there is no hole opened up, that plowing power which is the prime requisite of a fullback and the first essential of a driving team. When the game ended the score stood Alabama 21, Sewanee 0. It was the first defeat of the season, but the followers of the prowling Tiger held their heads high. The alumni in Birmingham were satisfied, for they had seen the Tiger FIGHT.

Five games had been played. The team had played at home, in Georgia, in Kentucky and in Alabama. It was now time for a rest. The week following the Alabama game, October 30 to November 6 was one of light workout and short practice. Then on the Saturday after the Alabama game the team from the University of Chattanooga invaded the Mountain lair and in a snappy game went down in defeat before the Purple with a score of 33 to 0.



With only three short weeks until Thanksgiving, the team began to work in earnest. Coach Abell developed some strong offensive plays and began to perfect the forward passing. With Saturday came the game with Tennessee. If the team could win

on this occasion it would be almost sure of winning from Vanderbilt. The players were in good condition, were working well together, none were crippled and things pointed towards victory. A great number of followers went to Chattanooga to join other loyal friends in helping with their loud and enthusiastic support. The game opened with a rush and it seemed as if everything would go Sewanee's way. The team was playing brilliantly and the opponents were holding their own with difficulty. Then came the first score. Tennessee was held for downs on Sewanee's forty-yard line. Hatcher dropped back on the fifty-five yard line and with purple jerseys rushing at him from three sides, he coolly place-kicked one across for the first three points of the game. Again the ball went up and down the field; punt followed punt, each side was feeling the other out. Sewanee was losing on the punts due to the uncanny ability of Campbell to pluck the spinning ball from the air while on the dead run. At last Tennessee got what they wanted—their ball on Sewanee's eight-yard line. After three futile attempts they put across a counter. The rest of the half was nip and tuck, up and down the field. The second half was a repetition of the first. Ten more points were scored against the Tigers; three by Hatcher and six by Blair. With five minutes to play and the score twenty to nothing, the Tigers made one last heart-breaking effort to score. Taking the ball on their





own twenty-yard line they passed, bucked and fought their way up the field, only to have the whistle stop them on the eight-yard line. The game ended as it began—Sewanee fighting her way down the field.

Eleven days, ten days, nine days before Thanksgiving! The camp of the Purple Warriors was buzzing with excitement and hard work. They would have Commodore meat this year for their Turkey Day dinner and it would be very sweet. The Tiger was licking his chops. One by one the days passed and Thanksgiving Day dawned. Never was there a prettier day for a football game. The whole of Sewanee went to Nashville to see this battle of battles. At two o'clock the whistle blew and the game was on. Ye Gods!! The Tigers are being hurled back to their own line. What is this? A sigh of relief. Sewanee holds and Vandy punts. "March, March on down the field," sings the mad mob on the sideline. The lads in purple settle down to line plunging, bucking, end running, always advancing. On and on the battle rages getting nearer and nearer to the Vandy goal. Only twenty yards to go for a touchdown! Sewanee loses on an end run and it is fourth down. Big Skidmore drops back to the thirty-yard line and kicks as pretty a goal as ever seen on Dudley Field. The score is Sewanee 3, Vandy 0. The sideliners are mad. Vandy receives the kick-off but soon they are forced to punt. Sewanee's ball on her own twenty-five-yard line. Then "Bill"



Coughlan goes wild! Plunging, bucking, running, fighting the mad Irishman takes the ball up the field to Vandy's ten-yard line. And there again comes another heart-breaking story. The fighting Irishman has carried the ball two times out of every three, he has battered himself against the Vandy forwards all the way up the field and now when the going is the hardest, he tries again to carry the ball on for Sewanee. Ten yards to go. "Bill" tries, Harper tries, Smith tries and then



"Bill" tries again. But in vain; a man can but give all he has. "Bill's" last plunge is stopped on the four-yard line. Vandy gets the ball. Before there is any chance for either team to do anything else the half is up.

Then comes that second half, that disappointing, terrible, heart-rending second half. The Tigers make no excuses, they ask no pity. They simply want a record of the facts that will tell the whole story. With the ball on Sewanee's forty-yard line Vanderbilt is forced to punt. With the cleverness of a born strategist the quarter calls for an on-side kick. The ball is sent spinning up in the air just as the Tiger tackles rush in to block; down the field it hits the ground on the five-yard line and bounces back into the arms of the fleet little Berryhill who has dashed up in time to grab it and skip across for Vandy's first score. From then on until the last two minutes of play there was no feature to the game except the brilliant running back of punts by Berryhill. The ball could not be kicked deep into the gold and black territory, for the flashy little half would snatch the ball from the air while steaming down the field like a racehorse, usually bringing it back at least twenty yards. In the last five minutes Vandy worked a long forward pass which put the ball in their possession on their own four-yard line. Then the Sewanee rooters broke loose with a wild shout of defiance to the gold and black to cross that line. The purple Tigers lived up to that defiance. Four times they flung back the smashing attack of the Commodores, and staved off a further score.



In the last two minutes of play while Bill Coughlan was sitting helpless on the side lines, Vandy made two touchdowns. One on a long pass and the last one on an intercepted forward. The Tigers had given their all and lost, they were a defeated team, but they were a team that was brilliant in defeat; brilliant for their sportsmanship and glorious for their undying courage and fight.

And so the dusk of that late November afternoon settled down over a defeated Sewanee, but a proud Sewanee. At times the defense was erratic, while on offense the Tigers had the making of a wonderful team had they had that one essential so necessary to a great football team, weight and driving power in the backfield. Thus the season ended a successful failure. A failure in point of games, but a success in point of fight and courage.

When the time came to give letters, there were fourteen men named besides the manager.

Coughlan, the rearing, tearing, plunging Captain of the team, played a game throughout the season that would have won him a place on any team in the country. "The Wild Irishman" didn't know the meaning of the word "quit" and with that spirit leading the men there is no wonder that the team was called the "Fighting Tigers."

Harper, a veteran of four years and Captain of the 1919 eleven, was the hard hitting left half. "Tommy" could be depended on at all times to kick the ball out of danger and was a wonder at running interference.

Long, for the first time on the Sewanee team, was noted for his punting and hard tackling. Especially in the Kentucky and Alabama games did "Shorty" acquit himself with glory.

Council K. was again the Bengal fullback. His steady work carried him with honor through every game until a crippled ankle kept him from playing against Vandy.

Baird won a name for himself on Thanksgiving Day. Playing the last quarter with a broken hand he showed by his ability and gameness that he has a great future coming to him.

"Jim" Smith from Birmingham played in most of the games of the season and did good work at bucking the line and forward passing. Sewanee was expecting a great deal from "Jim" after his playing against Vandy, had he stayed in college.

Conway, a star baseball player, is equally a star in football. "Ping" played right end in every game; hurrying down under punts and hitting hard he fought 'till the last whistle. His work in the Vanderbilt game brought him the well deserved honor of second All-Southern and Captain of next year's team.

Council H. defended the other wing in most of the games. He was good at tackling and getting down under punts. "Jelly" played all season under the handicap of a bad shoulder and wrist, but never gave in to his injuries.

Elam, a war horse of other years, was back in harness and played well his position of tackle. His getting down under punts in the Kentucky game will be long remembered by the Kentucky backs.

Skidmore was a giant of strength and a stonewall on defense. "Bo-Peep"



(thus the humorists call him) played straight through the whole season and made a strong bid for ALL Southern.

Litton, although he played the role of substitute for the greater part of the year, was an aggressive linesman. He came to the front with a rush in the Vandy game, especially on Vandy's end run.

Satterlee, one of Sewanee's foremost athletes and a veteran of several years, played guard all season in his usual brilliant and dependable style.

Stoney, who bore for a long time the gruelling trials of a scrub, dogged and uncomplaining, won his letter in 1919, and in the season just passed was one of the mainstays of the team. A man who never gets rattled; and who fights like a true Tiger from whistle to whistle—cleanly and squarely. Bill is a man Sewanee will always be proud of.

Stivers, a Texan of no mean ability, made it hard for his opponents by his aggressive and enthusiastic playing. "Bob" did well at center and should make a strong pivot man for the next three years.





COACH ABELL



CAP. COUGHLAN



CONWAY



MGR. HARGRANE



HARPER



SATTERLEE



SKIDMORE



ELAM



STONEV



K. COUNCIL



BAIRD



H. COUNCIL



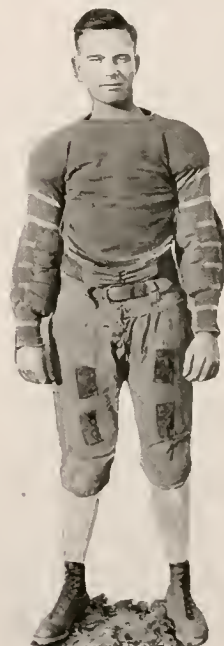
LONG



SMITH



STIVERS



LATTON

TRACK





Minor clearing lift.



Milam up in the air.



Watching the vault.



Bony going up.



Coughlan, 440 hurdles.



Start 440 Ga. Tech.



Capers throws one.



Hammond, shot-put.



Minor, his event.



SEVANEER TEAM
CHAMPIONS OF THE SOUTH 1920

THE TRACK TEAM OF 1920



THE TRACK SEASON OF 1920.

The 1920 Track Season was a brilliant success from every standpoint. In its success it was rivalled only by the unbeaten football team of '99, and in the writer's opinion it has an edge on that famous aggregation of skill and daring. For not only did the "Purple" float victorious over the South, but also the East was very successfully invaded. This was the first time a Southern team had invaded the East with any flourish of arms and colors. Sewanee by her track team of last year did herself proud at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia and also placed the South on the Track map of the Country.



The season started with a rush and wound up with a dash that has never yet been equalled by any other team of the "Fighting Tigers." The Tigers met and defeated such formidable opponents as Georgetown of Kentucky and Georgia Tech, caused quite a stir at the Penn Relays and ended their wonderful year in Atlanta by winning for the second consecutive time the S. I. A. A. meet which was the largest and fastest ever held in the south.



Sewanee was not favored by the weather man, particularly not for the meets on the Mountain. First Georgetown arrived, bringing hail. The next day they found it snowing. That is they were snowed under to the tune of 76 to 33, by Dearborn and Company representing Sewanee. The visitors appear weak from the score-board standpoint, but aside from the field events they offered plenty of competition. All of the races were close; the Hundred Yard Dash was a tie.

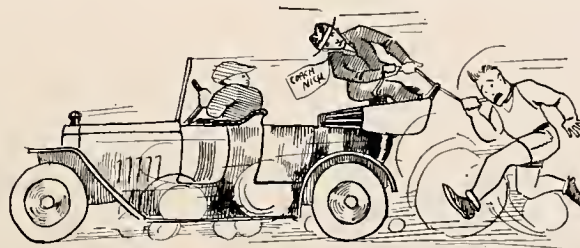
For the Purple Coughlan and Hammond were the stars. Porter was the high point scorer for the meet, winning the broad jump and several other places for the Gold and Black.

For the next Saturday the weather man predicted that a "Golden Tornado" would strike the mountain, but the coming storm turned out to be but a spring breeze of short duration. "Tech" came up determined to get revenge for the defeat of the year before, but instead received the short end of a 76 to 33 score. There was some disappointment at "Tech's" poor showing; some laid it to this cause and others to that but it seems there was just too much Purple; Hammond and Coughlan making more points than all of "Tech's" team. Welch, Pollard and McClesky were the "Tornado's" chief point-getters.



On the Thursday following the "Tech" Meet, Coach Nicholson with seven of his best men left for Philadelphia and the Penn Relays. Everyone was hopeful and had faith in the little bunch but none dreamed that with one day's training in this event "Bill" Coughlan would tie the world's record for a second in the 440 hurdles and make Watt of Cornell break that record to win. "Bo-Peep" Skidmore had never seen a 56-pound weight before he arrived in Philadelphia, but still took third place with a very creditable throw. "Charlie" Hammond came fifth in the Pentathalon against an exceptional field. The relay team, made up of Dearborn, Minor, Payne and Coughlan, with the handicap of the outside lane, took fifth in a race in which the winner made the best time ever dashed off in a Class "B" relay.

The victorious team was met at the station by the happy, exuberant students, who pulled them up to the University in the time-honored carry-all, built for such occasions of state.



TRAINING



WATCHING THE MILE RACE



The S. I. A. A. Meet in Atlanta on Friday the fourteenth and Saturday the fifteenth of May furnished the Tigers their stiffest opposition and came near being a heart-breaker for the supporters of the Purple. For at times some opponent would close in on the lead that the Tigers had gained in a way that made the outcome seem very dubious. On Friday, Sewanee qualified men in all events but as Coach Nicholson has said "in this meet Sewanee had its worst day and but for the fact that her team was head and shoulders above the others the result Saturday would have been against us and not quite so pleasing." Every one knows that the result was the long end of the meet with 29 points, closely followed by Mississippi A. and M., who had 27. This victory also meant a second leg on the much coveted "Tech" Challenge Cup.



All the races in this meet were close, too close for the comfort of the Sewanee men. The quarter-mile race was a classic, long to be remembered by those who saw its hair-breadth finish. Several records fell and two were raised by Sewanee men; Hammond set a new mark for the javelin and Burton raised the high jump another notch.

As usual, Coughlan and Hammond were Sewanee's star point-gainers. They were closely followed by Guerry and Skidmore.

Too much credit for the season's success can not be given to Coach Nicholson. All who know are forced to admit that he is as good as the country can boast of and by far the best of the track coaches of the South. Dearborn made an ideal Captain; fighting all the time he imbued his men with that same indomitable spirit. Every man on the team was a star and will always be remembered and respected as a member of the 1920 Track Team—Champions of the South.





RESULTS OF THE TRACK SEASON OF 1920

Sewanee versus Georgetown,
at Sewanee.

Sewanee72 Georgetown37

Sewanee versus Georgia Tech,
at Sewanee.

Sewanee76 Georgia Tech33

Penn Relays Annual Championships,
at Philadelphia.

Four hundred and forty yard Hurdles, Championship of American Colleges, Sewanee second; 56-pound weight throw, Sewanee third; Pentathlon Championship, Sewanee fifth; Class B Championship Relay Race, Sewanee fifth.

Championship Meet at Georgia Tech.

Sewanee29 Mississippi A. & M.....27
L. S. U.24 Georgia Tech17

Fourteen Colleges—One Hundred Fifty-five Entries.

Track Records of the University of the South.

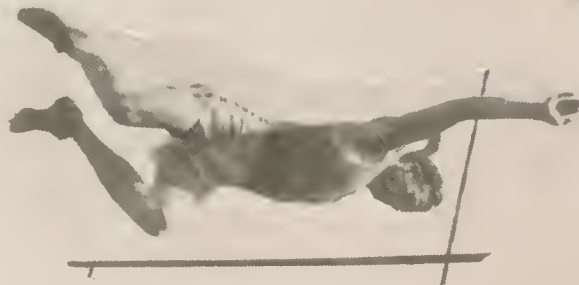
	<i>Holder</i>	<i>Time or Distance</i>
100 yds.	Jack Selden, 1896.....	10 1-5 seconds.
220 yds.	Wm. Coughlan, 1919	22 4-5 seconds.
440 yds.	Wm. Coughlan, 1920	51 1-5 seconds.
880 yds.	J. G. Dearborn, 1920	2 min., 5 seconds.
One Mile.	Ned Harris, 1917	4 min., 46 seconds
High Hurdles ...	Charles Hammond, 1919	16 seconds.
Low Hurdles ...	Charles Hammond, 1920	25 4-5 seconds.
High Jump	Paul Burton, 1920	5 ft., 11 1-4 inches.
Broad Jump	Charles Hammond, 1919	21 ft., 5 inches.
Pole Vault	Patrick Henry, Louis Estes, 1919.....	10 ft., 10 inches.
Shot Put	LeGrand Guerry, 1920	41 ft., 1 1-4 inches.
Discus	Fletcher Skidmore, 1920	122 ft., 4 inches.
56 lb. weight ...	Fletcher Skidmore, 1920	21 ft., 9 inches.
440 Hurdles	Wm. Coughlan, 1920	56 3-5 seconds.
One Mile Relay ..	Dearborn, Coughlan, Payne, B., Minor	3 min., 32 seconds.
Javelin	Charles Hammond, 1920	155 ft.



Captain Dearborn.
"Johnnie" ran the half and the
quarter. The half was his best,
but that didn't keep him from
running a wicked quarter as was
shown in the relay at Philadel-
phia, in last year's Penn relays.



Gurry was first
place with the shot
in every meet last
year. "Big" Gurry's abi-
lity to pick up in
competition helped
win the S.I.A.A.



Tracey won the letter in the Geo-
graphical meet, and is expected to do great
things this coming year.



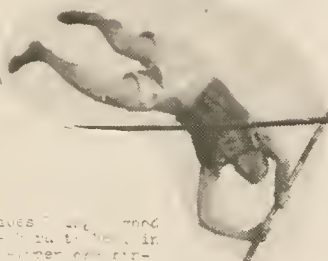
Purto hung up a rec-
ord at the S.I.A.A.
His sure points in the
high jump will be sorely missed.



Howard, captain for
1919 and pentathlete star
for two years was one of the
big factors in Penn's
success last year.



Bill, the winner of the Southern track, has won as many as five races in a year. He is a powerful quarter miler and has the world's record in that event. He is also a champion of the high, and has won more than 100 of the first prize.



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Coach, the winner of the Southern track, has won as many as five races in a year. He is a powerful quarter miler and has the world's record in that event. He is also a champion of the high, and has won more than 100 of the first prize.



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Tommy skims one.



A close race.



Over By Heck!

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The way



the relay



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Bill & Ben out in front.



Off with a rush.





BASEBALL

The spring of 1918 marked a surcease of the national pastime as a 'Varsity sport in the University; 1919 brought forth nothing in the semblance of a ball club; 1920 sheltered an Outlaw team that put forth signs of victory; 1921 is ushering in a club, recognized by the Athletic Board of Control, that bids fair to be the apex of Sewanee's attempts at baseball. So far, only five games have been played, and the Tiger team has four times brought home the bacon. The first game, with the Lookouts of the Southern League, resulted in a defeat of 7 to 3. However, those who saw the game realized that Sewanee had a team on the field that was capable of much, and worthy of recognition.

The second game, with Winchester, marked a 5 to 3 victory for the Bengals. In this game, beautiful team work, heady playing, and timely hitting were the salient features. The boys returned to the mountain encouraged, and determined to win the game with the University of Indiana which was to follow two days later. But old Jupiter Pluvius so arranged affairs that the Hoosier lads remained in Nashville for the Vandy crowd.

The third game, with the Tennessee State Normal, made people look with an added respect toward the Tiger nine. The score-board announced 9 to 4 at the end of the ninth.

Murfreesboro wanted another whack at the Sunday School boys, so she sent the Middle Tennessee State Normal squad to the church institution on the hill, in search of a victory. The search was unsuccessful, unless she calls a defeat of 2 to 0 a victory. This was the tightest game of the year and perhaps the most interesting. It took work to win the game for the Normal nine played air tight ball.

The rest of the Tiger schedule is incomplete. The University of Tennessee is listed for two games in Knoxville on the 6th and 7th of May; Camp Benning School for the same number at Columbus, Georgia on the 9th and 10th; and possibly the University of Georgia at Athens, or Oglethorpe University at Atlanta, on the 11th and 12th. Plans are on foot for ten more games during the remainder of the season. If everything works out, May 27 will see the close of the season with a game in Nashville with the ancient enemy, Vanderbilt.

If the team improves as the season wears on, Sewanee will have made a representative showing in the S. I. A. A. She does not and cannot expect to put out a team this year that will cop the pennant. Nevertheless she will let the nines she plays know that they are playing a fighting team.





Literary



ON A HAZY, MOUNTAIN DAY

I read a poem the other day
About the "Road to Mandalay,"
Where's the lots o' flyin' fishes
On that "Road to Mandalay."
But there's lots I'd like to say
About these rough, ol' flat-topped mountains
On a smoky, hazy day
On a drowsy, lazy day
When the clouds are high and fleecy
And the sky seems far away
And the time seems more like Autumn
Than a warm December day.

I've never seen pagodas and I never saw the sea
But these mountains have a magic that is won-
derful to me,
For I've seen 'em change from russet and a
golden tinted brown
To a deep, soft, misty purple as the fiery sun
went down,
From the valley to the ridgeline as that ball
of red went down.

There's no road to Mandalay
And no flyin' fish to play
But there's colors on these mountains
That are always there to play,
For I've watched 'em change from deep blue
To a silver-tinted gray
From a cool, invitin' deep blue
On a drowsy, hazy day.

Oh, I've never been to Burma nor heard the
temple bells
And I never cared a lick about those spicy,
garlic smells
For I'd rather watch these mountains when the
clouds go sailing by
With their shadows in the valleys while they're
floatin' in the sky.

Flotillas of the sky
With their shadows sailin' by,
And they keep the colors changin'
With their quick, short purple dye,
On a smoky, lazy day.

I've never seen the rice fields when the sun
was droppin' slow
But I've seen these mountains climbin' from
the mists way down below
Where the tiny glow-worm engines pull their
yellow-lighted cars
And all the valley lanterns are a-twinkle like
the stars.

Valley lights so far below
And they seem to twinkle so
As the warm mist plays about them
When the breeze begins to blow
In a drowsy, lazy way,
After a smoky, hazy day,
When the time seemed more like Autumn
Than a warm December day.



THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE

Listed among the passengers of the ill-fated *Ulysses*, bound from New Orleans to the Cape of Good Hope, appeared the name A. Percival Hawkins, Shelbyville, Mass. When the eye of the steward's clerk caught this name on his list of reservations, he spat disgustedly into a cuspidor and further relieved his feelings by addressing an imaginary hostess. "Oh deah me, Mable, I'm terribly upset, don't you know. Lawst evening I drank two cups of tea and I tossed restlessly all night. Just one lump of sugar, deah, and no cream."

"I beg your pahdon," came in soft tones from the clerk's elbow. Surprised into turning quickly, he beheld a youngish, well dressed man of average height and build, with nose glasses and a questioning face. "Were you addressing me?"

"No, sir; just repeating a few lines from a play I saw last night at the Alcazar, sir," replied the ready clerk. "Did you wish to be shown to your stateroom, sir? Mr. Percy Hawkins isn't it, sir?"

"Percival—A. Percival, if you please. Yes, I should like to go to my room and lie down. The day has been a little too much for me! nerves shattered, don't you know."

At the door of the stateroom the clerk turned. "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"Yes; you may send me two slices of dry toast and a bowl of warm milk at half past eleven. Disordered stomach, don't you know," added the young man hastily.

"Is that all, sir?"

"That will be all, thank you."

Left alone, Mr. Hawkins began to mentally berate himself. Why had he come? True, the doctor had said his health required just such a trip. "Lots of sun and salt sea breezes," he had said. But that just showed what fools doctors were. Had he not already, at the mere sight of water, been seized by a horrible fit of nausea? One time, early in his life, he had been browned and freckled by the sun; and he had practically lived in the water. But that was when he was Percy; not A. Percival. At the very thought of tropical sun he began to perspire freely.

The days came and went each much like the one before, warm, clear, and cloudless. The *Ulysses* ploughed steadily on her course, catching the calm green seas on her bows and rolling them back in great waves of foam.

The third night after crossing the equator, the intense heat of the weather, augmented by that of the engines, caused a great tank of fuel oil to explode with terrific force, blowing away the entire starboard side of the forward hold, and setting fire to the ship. Shortly thereafter followed three more explosions, creating havoc and enveloping the *Ulysses* in flame from stem to stern. Within fifteen minutes of the last discharge, she sank, carrying down with her most of the passengers and crew, while many were killed outright by the explosion.

With the first jar, Hawkins, who was quartered in an after cabin on B deck, was thrown bodily from his bed, striking his stateroom door violently. Terrified, he rushed madly through the saloon to the deck just in time to be picked up by the second great upheaval and hurled into the sea. Down, down he went, at first stunned by the shock; but, regaining full consciousness, he fought back to the surface where he lay paddling feebly and gasping for breath. With no other light than the stars, he could see neither sign of life, nor board, nor



spar upon which he might support himself. Just at the point of giving up in despair, a black shape suddenly cut off the stars from his view. Flinging out his arm to ward off an imminent blow, his grip closed upon the gunwale of a small boat, but too weak to pull his body upon it, he was dragged along till a hand reached down and, grasping his shoulder, heaved him inboard.

"Well, I'll be damned! A pretty close shave, eh Matey? What?" But there was no response. Exhausted, Hawkins had fainted where he lay.

The sun had almost reached its zenith when Hawkins again opened his eyes. As he raised himself to a sitting position, his mouth dropped open in amazement, and he stared at his surroundings a full minute before he could collect his scattered faculties. Then, in a rush, he remembered the jolt of the explosion; his dive into the sea; and, lastly, his being dragged along unable to hoist himself from the water.

"Well, Matey, how do you feel this fine morning after yer refreshin' nap and no breakfast at all?"

Hawkins turned to face his inquisitor, viewing him more closely. He beheld a stout, thick-necked individual, dressed in the uniform of a third officer of the *Ulysses*. "Where are we?" he asked in answer to the first question.

"By the power of St. Patrick, you've asked me a question I can't answer. We're here, that's all I know; and there ain't nobody else here but us; nor there ain't no land nor sail in sight."

"How long have we been in this boat?"

"Nigh ten hours I should judge. The old tub went down this morning about two o'clock, and, with the sun where it is now, I reckon it must be about twelve. And, by the same token, it's time to eat again; so I'm asking you once more if you wouldn't like some grub after yer long fast?"

"I believe I could eat a little milk and toast," replied Hawkins, thinking now of his stomach.

"You could eat what?" roared the astonished mate. "Toast and milk?" Oh my eye! toast and milk! You could eat your grandmother's doughnuts too if they was here; but they ain't, nor there ain't nothin' here but about three days' rations of salt pork and hardtack, and the pork is raw too.

"Don't! I couldn't do it," wailed Percival. "With my disordered stomach it would kill me."

"All right, my hearty," rejoined the mate, "you can take yer choice as to the way you want to die—either with or without. I reckon you'll smack your lips over salt pork before you're through with this cruise. If you don't come to it, you'll damn sure die, and pretty quick too."

Hawkins partly appeased his hunger with a drink of warm stale water from the tank in the bow of the life-boat, and, towards sunset, went so far as to nibble at a biscuit; but he could not bring himself to touch the meat. By morning, however, hunger left him no option; so, summing up his courage, and closing his eyes, he proceeded to devour a small piece of pork. It was not so bad as he had thought it would be; and thereafter he ate whenever the mate opened up their little stock of food and cut off there from his small daily portion.

Thus, for a week, they drifted aimlessly. During the day the hot sun shown down pitilessly, burned the more delicate man till his shoulders, arms and legs were a mass of puffy blisters. The unaccustomed and insufficient fare—already cut to a minimum ration and yet diminishing with disheartening rapidity—together



with the tepid water and daily exposure soon placed him in the throes of a burning fever. Yet there could be no relaxation. He must stand his four hour watch as often as it came. Their lives—his life—depended wholly upon their attracting the attention of the first craft that should come within sight. Anxiety that the weary mate might, during his watch, fall asleep and thus let a boat slip by so possessed his mind that he could not rest when the opportunity came, but lay watching the sailor intently, or himself scanning the horizon.

"Gawd help us! This is the last!" The mate's voice was hoarse with fear, as he handed one hard biscuit and a piece of pork rind to Hawkins, upon whose imaginative mind the full significance of this statement weighed heavily. Oh how he had dreaded to hear those inevitable words! While there had been one biscuit left there had smouldered in his heart a faint spark of hope, but now he was lost. It would be only a matter of a day or two before starvation would reduce his flesh to clay. The thought choked him till he was about to faint.

The sun climbed steadily upward. Save for the long slow swell of the Atlantic, and the gentle rising and falling of the boat, they might have been part of a picture. There was not a breath of air to soothe their parched lips. No word was spoken. A premonitory tenseness prevailed. Presently Hawkins was aroused from his reverie by the sound of sobbing. The mate was crying. He experienced a wave of resentment.

"Here, you great big baby, what are you bawling for? It's bad enough without you making it worse, you miserable yellow cur. Get up from there before I kick you."

The sailor was not crying now. Hate glared from his eyes as he snarled, "S'elp me Gawd, if you even touch me with your damned finger, Matey I'll throw you to the fish. I was a damned fool fur pullin' yer out er the water in the first place. If I'd let you stay I wouldn't be starvin' now." There was no reply. Hawkins was again wrapped in sombre meditation.

At sunset a gentle breeze brought temporary relief. A new moon silvered the wave-crests of the silent sleeping sea. Hawkins sat in the stern contemplating his sleeping companion. For the tenth time he shook himself free from a frightful but ever recurrent train of thought. But presently he found himself again in the midst of the subject, and now he surrendered altogether to its attraction.

How long could they last now that their food was gone? Certainly not more than two or three days; unless—unless perhaps, one of them should die that the other might eat. Who would die first though, that was the question. The odds seemed to favor the more hardy sailor. Still there was a way.

Goaded on by his tortured fancy, and peering sharply to detect the slightest stir, Hawkins crept stealthily forward, inch by inch, on hands and knees, until his shadow fell across the broad back of the mate. Fully thirty minutes were required to ease the long knife from the sheath at the officer's belt without disturbing him. Slowly his right arm raised and posed for an instant. The victim muttered and started to move when, with a fiendish shriek, Hawkins pounced upon him, plunging the blade to the hilt again and again into the writhing body until his own breast and arms were red with the spurting blood.

Seized with a fit of trembling, he crawled, white faced to his seat in the stern. His disordered brain began to comprehend what he had done. He, A. Percival Hawkins, was a murderer! His hands were soaked with innocent blood! Shaking violently, he sat till the rising sun disclosed his crime. Then, drawn by



an irresistible force, he approached the corpse and touched the cold clammy cheek. Quickly he drew back with a shudder. Still in the possession of a weird fascination, he rolled the body face upward. A gurgle and the sigh of escaping air caused him to cry out in terror, and, stumbling backward, he fell heavily. Scrambling quickly to the stern seat, he rested, panting laboriously. Again he turned, but the wide staring eyes sent him cowering to the farthest corner. As the day wore on a heavy sense of loneliness began to weigh upon him; hunger was forgotten and remorse seized him in her merciless grip. Aloud he began to lament his madness. Oh, if only those cold lifeless lips would speak and pronounce his forgiveness! If only those sightless eyes would close in sleep! They seemed to search his inmost soul, branding there in fiery letters the one word "guilty." In his despair he cried out, "Oh God, let me die. I have destroyed the only other human life in the whole universe, and now I am alone! alone!! alone!!!"

At half past four that afternoon the schooner Maria Teresa sighted an open boat and altered her course to make an investigation. Fifty yards away, she lay to and a small dory sped across the intervening distance. Slipping alongside, the captain looked in and beheld a sight that gave him a cold shock. A man, dressed in the uniform of a ship's officer lay face up, dead.



AT THE RECITAL

(In Company With the Music Critic)

She played.

He saw her fair white fingers touch the keys,
And heard the music, noting the degrees
Of light and shade;

He heard

The harmonies but did not understand,
Commending the control of her deft hand
With pleasant word;

While I

Saw Elfin dancing in a moonlit glade
And heard the saucy pixies serenade
In ecstasy.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR

(Written by a Member of Sopherim)

No sooner had the war clouds of Europe broken over America early in April, 1917, than I began to cast about to determine what branch of the service I might enter. If there must be a war I wanted to be where the fun was going on. I had been forbidden to join the air force so tried my luck with the Officers' Training Camp, but finding that my luck was not good I enlisted in the U. S. Army Ambulance Corps.

The first night of army life that I spent was in one of the many training camps that quickly sprung up all over the country; and as Taps sounded over the quiet camp I closed my eyes in silent contentment for I was stretched on a hard army cot with just enough blankets to keep me warm; yes, I was off to war, whatever war might be. As I lay there half dozing I saw myself impaling Germans on the end of my bayonet, or capturing dozens of them at a time, or . . . but I was on another errand. Mine was not to kill but to try to save those who had fallen among my comrades, and on the other side, too, I supposed, for a wounded German was as human as a wounded Frenchman or American and fully as harmless. But I had the great satisfaction of knowing that although I would not be allowed to fight I could give my support to the boys out there in the trenches, by assuring them that they would be hustled to the hospital should they be struck by bullet or shell or bomb. As I lay there it occurred to me that I had never driven a car and did not know the first thing about automobiles, although once I had guided the car that a friend was driving while he was drawing on his gloves. Well, I thought, I could be a stretcher-bearer and crawl out to the barbed-wire before the trenches under cover of darkness to drag in some fellows who had been lying there wounded all day and calling for help. How many such stories I had read I could not tell. Then came the visions of decorations. Generals congratulating me and the President shook my hand. I was marching up Fifth Ave. at the head of the conquering heroes. The band played "Dixie" and all the other glorious marching songs. I was already in the land of nod, to awake the next morning, not in a city of well drilled, khaki uniformed soldiers, but in a temporary camp where a thousand other raw recruits like myself, wandered aimlessly about on this detail or that.

My experiences in the training camp must have been just like others. I do not suppose that there could have been much difference in the method of handling the incoming recruits and the drilling and polishing them for service, so that Uncle Sam would not be ashamed of them in the well drilled countries where they were to so soon make their debut. For some weeks I did what four million others did, peeled potatoes (the man who has never peeled a potato has missed a great deal), drilled, did all sorts of details such as I had never thought of doing before, learned how to care for the body, had lessons in hygienics, and so on.

I must hasten on with my story. (I could fill volumes with experiences of those first months). October, 1917 found me on the front, at the village of Trondes, attached to a French division which was having a rest after the Verdun battle before it must take up the posts in the lines in front of Pont-A-Mousson, north of Nancy and Toul. We were within sound of the shells and guns, but I must confess that there was not much danger from them. On November first, we took our station on the front and then all the romance of war took the wings of the morning and flew into the uttermost parts of the earth; in short, there was no romance. Aside from every manner of lice and shot and shell there were cold nights where everybody had to be moving and there were wet feet for weeks on end. Mud seems to be one of the foremost products of France, and it sticks with the affection of a leech. Much has been written about these things, however, and I think that what I might have to say would not be new.

For many weary months we carried ourselves along with our division, working, playing, often happy, and often homesick, doing our duty as we saw it and making the most of the situation. Again I say there were enough thrilling experiences to fill as many books as I could write, not that I have ever written a book, but what I mean to say is that were I a novelist I would have material for many books.

The last great battle that I had a share in began on November fourth, 1918, at daybreak. The day before this I had been sent to a first aid post some five or six hundred yards back of the first line trenches. I was accompanied by an assistant. I parked my ambulance in a little ravine and spent most of the day digging my way into an embankment to avoid flying fragments of enemy shells that were being thrown over at intervals. Luckily there were no wounded all that day and my assistant and I were allowed to dig to our hearts content. By nightfall we had created a dug-out that we were very proud of.



Not long after dark a wounded Frenchman was brought in. I cranked up my Ford and with him started merrily on my way towards the hospital. For a few hundred yards (or perhaps a kilometer) the lights of the front, star shells and cannon fire, enabled me to pick my way with ease along the shell torn road. While going up to the front that morning I had tried to impress upon my mind the worst of the shell holes so that I might dodge them successfully in the dark. I was obliged to cross a railroad track at a certain point and felt sure that I would have no trouble for I remembered the particular turn that I must make at that point. Just as I arrived at the turn the Germans laid down a light barrage on the crossing and a perfect shower of shells began falling all about me. I knew that to wait would be as dangerous as to go on, and so I made up my mind to dash for safety through the barrage, for the wounded man had to be hustled on to the hospital. I said to the car "Let's go, little girl." I opened the throttle and the car dashed forward bumping across the rails and landing safe on the road beyond. We had passed through unscathed. I shouted to the Frenchman inside to make sure that he had not been struck but he called a merry "Ca va bien" and I knew that all was well. The shells were still popping close about and my assistant was urging me forward at a too rapid pace. I knew that I was passing a large shell crater on my left and felt that the second one must be just a little farther on on the right side of the road; they were the only really bad craters along that part of the way. When I thought that it was just time to draw over to the left (it was black dark) the earth suddenly seemed to melt away from under us, and after the earthquake that I felt sure must have struck us the Ambulance and all that it contained landed in the bottom of the crater. My first thought was that I must have killed the wounded man and I scrambled out and hastened to him. To my utter surprise I found that the good fellow had gotten so much of what he was hoping to leave at the front that he had entirely recovered from his wounds and was climbing out of the Ambulance. He simply said to me, "This is too much. I am going to walk." He asked me how far it was to the next dressing station, and after I had replied he bid me a cheery "bonne nuit" and set out on foot limping slightly. I suppose he expected me to stay there all night (for an Ambulance driver's one rule is to stay with his car) but I had no such notion. There is no hole that a Ford can not be pulled out of. My assistant had gone on to get help but in the meantime some Engineers came along from their night work at the trenches and stopped to see what I might be doing. I explained as best I could my distress and they volunteered to get the car out. After some great tugging and pushing we extracted Elizabeth and I found that she had not been harmed at all. Perhaps there were a few more rattles but what could they hurt? A bucket of water does not affect a lake. Surely a rattle or two more would not hurt my Ford. The more noise she made the fewer shells would I hear, anyway, so the harm was counterbalanced by the good. Should I ever be so fortunate as to meet Mr. Henry Ford I am going to congratulate him on the good work that his machines did in France. Many a man living today is indebted for his life to those little Ambulances.

There remained only a short time before the zero hour. I lay down to get a few winks of sleep for I knew that after the bombardment opened there would be no sleeping. After the attack started there would be no more rest except at odd moments for days and days. I could not picture to myself anything but this existence between life and death, this holding on to life with all my might and yet facing death with all the courage that my nature could muster. Any moment might have been the last. But thoughts of that kind only tend to weaken a man. I dropped into a quiet sleep wondering what the morrow would bring. There would be many dead and wounded and I might be among them, or perhaps my comrades might be among them. However, I slept peacefully until the roar as of thunder announced to me that the attack was on.

The next seven days represent to me what I would expect if I should have to serve a sentence in hell. Morning, noon and night I went, carrying wounded, carrying wounded, carrying wounded, until I prayed that a shell might come and take me to the land of peace where wars shall be no more. I got sleep by winks and food whenever I could snatch it. All during those seven days the cook kept a huge pot of coffee where the members of the Section had access to it, and as I am not a drinking man (speaking of alcohol) I feel deeply indebted to the man who first made coffee. I am sure that coffee kept me going, for my assistant was badly gassed the first few hours of the attack and I was left alone to run the Ambulance as best I could except that it was usually full and even running over with wounded, French and Germans alike, hanging on the steps often that they might get away from that bloody inferno.

The battle went well. Morning after morning our troops advanced. Then weariness began to tell on me. There was a German soldier who had sat down beside the road and died from his wounds before assistance could reach him. Ordinarily that sight would not bother me for I had already seen battle fields and their awful tragedies. However, every time I passed that soldier a shudder would run along my spine. Each time the shudder grew worse until I thought that I would go crazy if I had to pass that silent sentinel again. At night and in the day time he was there on guard. Nobody had time to stop and bury him, so there he staid. Finally I



knew that I could stand it no longer and discovered another road that would take me just as quickly to my destination. I was glad to get away from that sight forever. I do not mean to say that he was the only dead man on the field by any means, but the others lying out there under the stars in the stillness of the night seemed to have passed on to a more peaceful night.

After the first days the number of wounded grew fewer, but the distance to the field hospital became greater daily as the troops advanced. The hospital, in its overworked condition, filled to capacity at all hours, could not be moved forward. New hospitals must be built and that was a matter of more than a day's work.

Then came the end. The day before the armistice went into effect the Corporal of the Section heard that it was coming and hastened up to Headquarters to find out the truth of the rumor. It was too good to be true and yet it was true. The end had come. As long as I live I shall never forget how he came running down the hill as fast as he could waving a tiny slip of white paper and yelling madly at every step. I cannot describe it as it was. Judgment Day will not cause any emotion in me more than that bit of white paper did, for on it was the order to cease firing. The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of nineteen hundred and eighteen was almost upon us. That hour would bring peace to a bleeding world. Then the booming of guns reminded me that we were not yet done, and two silenced German batteries with dead bodies lying about them on the hill above served to make it unbelievable that the war was almost over. The day sped by and the battle raged on. During the night the enemy withdrew so far that the advance guard of the French lost touch with them. They were pulling their guns back and were not firing to any great extent. It was the great retreat.

The morning of November eleventh dawned with hope and joy for all. The soldiers were by this time getting the news that it was soon to be all over. There seemed to be a mad courage in the atmosphere. I think they were drunk with joy. But the battle was still going. We were nearly to Belgium and as I drove my car towards the border line I realized that in an hour's time the end would be at hand. I could not yet picture anything but the deafening roar of the French guns on my right and the thunderous roar of the English guns on my left. Occasional shells seemed to be defiantly and doggedly hurled at us from the Germans but they were becoming less frequent every minute. It was almost eleven o'clock. I could see the Belgium towns, each with its Church tower, in the distance quiet and serene among the low rolling hills all undisturbed by the noise of battle. Was this the country that had been outraged four years ago? Were these the homes of the docile people most of whom had been carried away into captivity by the advancing Huns? I saw a small boy with a bandaged eye and inquired of the civilians what had happened to him. Last night a German had struck him with the stock of his rifle because he would not get out of the way quickly enough. Yes, it was the same Belgium, beautiful, heroic Belgium.

Suddenly a deathlike stillness seized upon the world. The guns had stopped firing. A white flag appeared at the top of a city hall just before me. I listened to hear the shout that would surely go up all about for I knew that eleven o'clock had come and the war was over. I heard only the "C'est finis" quietly spoken by the poilu and the "C'est finis" quietly spoken by the civilians. The moment that they had dreamed of for four years had come and yet they greeted it with these simple words. I felt mad. A rebellion choked into my throat. My temples grew hot. I wanted to yell. As I drove along the road the soldiers began throwing off their packs. It was over and they were going to have some rest. They were battle-stained, dirty, until white faces were black and most of them would not have been recognized by mothers or wives. Already at a few minutes after eleven o'clock the roadside was dotted with sleeping forms. This was their celebration, sweet sleep. Those that were on their feet called "La guerre est finis" at me and I could only smile in return. My heart and throat were too full to permit words. France was saved and these men would live, their wives and children would live, their long struggle had not been in vain.

Truly out there on the great battle field the end came very quietly. One moment the mountains were trembling with the shock of bursting shells, the valleys were vibrating with the roar of heavy guns and life was as nothing. The next moment all was quiet and a great peace settled down over the field. I could not help thinking of the words of the Psalmist who said that God had showed his voice and the earth had melted away. "O come hither and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction he hath brought upon the earth. He maketh wars to cease in all the world. Be still then and know that I am God."

I had my celebration of the Armistice by first writing a long letter to my Mother and then laying my weary head down to sleep, blessed sleep, and to complete rest. I have never celebrated Armistice day with wild and joyful ovation, and I don't think that I ever shall. To me there is something far more significant in that day than can be expressed in simple inane jubilee.



THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAINS

A song has these gaunt flat-topped mountains
A song that is gripping and strong
It starts with the thrill of the fountains
That ripple and rill the day long
And strikes notes that never were sounded
By any great concert of man
Its scales and clefts are unbounded
By octaves or any fixed plan.

The deep, zooming moan of the storm-wind
That dies in a low, sullen roar
Hums warning that rain-clouds are forming
To rush through the Heaven's wide door
And thunder first rumbles and crashes
And mutters its threats long and slow
Then dazzles and blinds with its flashes
The grim mountain waiting its blow.

The mountain's song then comes a-growling
As war-clouds pour forth their cold rain
While wind and fierce storm start their howling
The stark mountains smother their pain
But roar with their torrents defiance
To foes that will never subdue
Those huge, rugged hills to compliance
Those giants so old yet so new.

One chord in the song of the mountains
That roaring of thunder and rain
Another the rippling of fountains
That cascade again and again
That slip down the steep, mossy shoulders
Of black rocks worn smooth in their path
And wrangle and foam at the boulders
That smile at their miniature wrath.



The little streams fall with a clatter
Of notes that are ringing and gay
A clear, laughing, silvery patter
Like fairy feet scamp'ring away
As brimming and bubbling with laughter
O'er some secret fun that they know
The bright drops go scattering after
The dancing sunbeams as they go.

Another chord struck by the mountains
That fight with the thunder and rain
And laugh with their silvery fountains
That trip-up again and again
The warm, cooing notes of the wood-thrush
That nestles her young for the night
And thrills in a glorious flood-rush
Of soft notes, exultant and light
The song of these gaunt, flat-topped mountains
A song that is gripping and strong

It's light at the thrill of the fountains
That ripple and rill the day long
And deep as the moan of the storm-wind
That dies in a low, sullen roar
And howls when the storm-clouds are forming
To pour forth their waters once more
Then awful this song of the mountains
So terrible great and so strong
But roars itself down till the fountains
Can ripple and rill the day long.



JUST A LITTLE SUGGESTION

Ed Cantrell was from everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. He found himself like the poor maverick steer, open to any brand that even a chance stranger might slap on him. In New York the brand of Dixie was stamped upon him by everyone he addressed in his drawling way. Everything about him had a southern cut the instant "you-all" escaped his lips. In Colorado the Dixie changed to Eastern when he told the people that he lived near the Atlantic. Later in Texas he heard a Mexican telling his companion that the big stranger was a "Yankee," for he lived north of the Texas border. Again when he was traveling home a sweet young thing just out from Sophie-Newcomb told him with great conviction that she knew he was "a western cowboy, for all cowboys talked with a drawl and wore big hats." Whereupon Ed gasped and hoped that at least he would never be taken for a foreigner. The last straw came one day as he was walking down the main street in his home town. There working in the street he saw an old Mexican who had befriended him out in Texas. While Ed was faltering through a few phrases of Spanish with the old peon, he heard a man behind him say, "Great Guns, that's the whitest Mexican I ever saw!" In great despair Ed went home swearing that of all animals he hated a chameleon, for it couldn't keep its own identity to save its neck.

Now the purpose of this digression is to prepare the reader for the wonderful and never-failing powers of the suggestion of little things. Countless documents have been written on the power of suggestion; people have gone mad over it and then been cured by it.

Little things are misleading and appearances are deceiving. A four-inch brimmed Stetson may suggest the West and at the same time be upon the head of a man who has never been nearer a ranch than Central Park. So might goat-skin chaps suggest bucking horses and up-and-down riding, and again those same chaps might belong to one who has never straddled a beast more violent than a placid pony of the merry-go-round.

It was way down on a little Texas ranch that Ed Cantrell began to feel this power of suggestion. As he swung his leg over the saddle he began to realize that he was out in the West, and in his own conceit he began to feel that he could make good in a rush in this cowpuncher business. Leaning back against the cantle he looked over the surging herd with complacency. He even felt annoyed at the presence of the Mexicans who went with him to help drive the herd back to the pens.

"There's no use," he thought, "in sending a bunch of Mexicans when I can drive them in by myself." He knew that he could handle the whole herd with ease. So engrossed was he in thoughts of Mr. Cantrell and his ability that he didn't notice the commotion caused by one steer that broke and ran from the herd. As soon as the cattle behind saw one of the bunch run for the fence they all turned



to follow their leader in a blind rush. Ed heard the Mexicans shouting as they dashed through the mesquite on their fast ponies after the run-aways but thought they were simply kicking up their usual racket. While the Mexicans were bringing the truants back to the herd, Mr. Cantrell had just hit upon the engrossing thought of what a good foreman he would make, how he would encourage the men in roping and riding, and of how he would have the best riders and wildest horses in the country and countless other things that would naturally go with a ranch run by such an expert cowpuncher.

In spite of Ed the Mexicans somehow managed to hurry the bawling cattle along toward the corrals. When the beasts were pushed into a narrow lane where the driving was easy, Pedro dropped back for a chat with Ed.

"Snip es uno caballo muy bueno," he said, offering the "makings."

"Si," Ed agreed, slapping Snip's neck. "Snip is a poco bueno horse, but it takes a bueno rider to handle him. But even with a malo rider he no tiene mucho pep."

Right there Ed hit the nail on the head. Snip didn't have much pep. He was as gentle and docile an animal as any old maid could wish for. He was never known to kick, bite, pitch, or buck. As a colt he was called "Snip," for in those days he was quite frisky. But when he was broken to the saddle he was handled with a knock-down and drag-out method that had completely broken his spirit and very nearly his back-bone. So it had come about that Snip was saved for the tenderfeet. The old cowpunchers would have nothing to do with him, for he was to those who had been raised in the saddle as tame and insipid as hot-water tea is to an Englishman. But Ed hadn't been there long enough to find that out.

"Usted es uno rider muy bueno." The Mexican was grinning, but Ed thought his grin one of appreciation and praise.

"Aw, poco bueno," he modestly admitted. "I used to savvy some tricks back en el Este. Savvy tricks?"

"No, no savvy."

"Well like este," said Ed, "I show you."

Bending forward he took hold of the swell-fork of his saddle with his hands and resting his left shoulder against the horn he slowly lifted his feet from the stirrups and gradually over his head. The Mexican's horse shied at the sight of a pair of feet waving in the air, but Snip, absolutely unruffled by this unprecedented performance, ambled slowly on down the path. The Mexican's eyes opened in amazement. He had never expected an "Hombre nuevo," a greenhorn, to try any such daring tricks.

"Muy bueno," he cried, "Muy bueno. Me no can do."

"Shuuh," laughed the delighted Ed, his vanity tickled by the praise. "Watch this."



This time he turned loose the reins and stood up in his saddle. Snip realizing that something unusual was going on stopped most obligingly, so that his rider might stand first on one foot and then on the other.

"That's easy, too," said Ed. "Here's a good one." Grasping the horn of the saddle with one hand and the cantle with the other, he brought both his legs on the right side of the horse; then by a quick swing he switched his legs over Snip's back so that he was now resting with his hands reversed and his legs on the left side of the horse. Snip merely felt annoyed at this delay which kept him from his oats just that much longer. The Mexican was amazed, first at the daring of the new man and second at the utter docility of Snip. Of course he didn't call it that but wondered why that lazy caballo didn't trot or pitch just a little bit and throw the greenhorn.

Our hero was realizing quite the opposite feelings. He was wondering why it had never occurred to him to enter the annual riding contest that was held at the county seat a few weeks before.

"You ride Rocket como este?" asked the Mexican just as Ed was convincing himself that he could have won the contest easily.

"Why, sure," said Ed, "Rocket's no bear."

"You ride Rocket manana?" persisted the tempter.

"Sure manana, or any other day," Ed responded.

"Rocket muy bravo," said the Mexican, not wishing to take all the blame if Ed should get hurt.

"No differentia," boasted Mr. Cantrell, "bravo or scared all the same to me."

And so Ed was tempted into a ride, a chance to win fame, all by the power of suggestion. First he was just naturally feeling good that day. And second when he found that he could handle Snip with the same ease that he used to cavort over the padded "horses" of the gymnasium, he began to think that all horses looked alike to him. He began to feel that he was a past master in the art of horseback riding and that he had known how all his life.

When he went into the supper table he expected a lot of guying about his ride of the morrow, but to his surprise very little was said about it. "Blue," the lanky cowpuncher from Montana, told the boys that if they wanted to see some fun they had better be out in the big pen just before dinner for Ed was going to demonstrate riding on "Li'l Ole Rocket."

"Better bring a stretcher," he cheerfully added.

"What do you know about it," cut in Fred. "I'll bet you two dollars to a dime that he can ride that old cayuse."

"Take you," said Blue. "I meant a stretcher for the horse, but I just couldn't let a bet like that go begging."

Ed was in a state of exultation; his mind was full of the ride tomorrow and



of how cheap the boys would feel when he rode the colt to a standstill. To think that Fred was betting on him made him, if possible, feel even more confident, for Fred was one of the best riders in that country.

The next day dawned bright and clear. The sun rose and shone down from a cloudless sky. But the sky was no more filled with sunshine than was our hero with self-confidence. He was firmly convinced that he was the best rider on the ranch and after today it would be his turn to rub it in on the boys who wouldn't believe it. He smiled when he saw Pedro bringing Rocket up from the river pasture.

"Old boy," he said to himself, as he watched the pony swinging up the path, "you haven't been in the pen for three months and you never were ridden over one minute, but you surely will be this morning. When old man Ed Cantrell, left tackle of A. & M., gets on your back you're going to have your hands full."

"Looks pretty frisky, don't he, son?" asked Mr. Mudge, nodding towards Rocket. "You are bound to ride him, are you?"

"Yes sirree," Ed declared. "I couldn't miss if I tried. You said it, bound to ride."

"Bound to rise and bound to fall," Mr. Mudge muttered under his breath.

"What's that?" asked Ed. "I thought you said something."

"Yea," explained the Boss. "I said that he couldn't throw you if he tried."

Ed fell for the flattery. "Yea," he grinned. "I reckon I can handle him."

"Well, make it snappy with those spurs," said the Boss. "They've got him in the pen and I don't reckon he'll want to stand aroun' long."

Ed smiled, his smile broadened into a grin and then he couldn't contain himself any longer; he burst into a laugh of delight. What a cinch this was going to be. Why, after the way he had ridden Snip yesterday there wasn't a chance for Rocket to throw him. Ed felt like slapping himself on the back. Congratulations were in order. Riding Rocket would prove him to be the best rider on the ranch and would put him right in line for foremanship in spite of his short service.

Slapping on his spurs he trotted out to the pen just in time to see the bronco making a last effort to kick loose from the ropes that held him. At last the saddle was thrown on and the girth buckled tightly. Then while Blue and Pedro held Rocket and Fred and Mr. Mudge cheered, Ed clambered into the saddle. A glow of confident power swept over him as the blindfold was snatched off the trembling horse.

Scarcely had Pedro jerked loose the blindfold when Rocket came to life in one mad bound. The bronco was frenzied. The thing on his back hurt him, the bit in his mouth crushed on his jaw and the girth around his lungs suffocated him. Rearing on his hind legs he tried to shake the hated weight from the saddle. Buckling his back and jerking his head down between his legs, he leapt straight



in the air. While still in mid-air he slashed around in almost the opposite direction. Stiff-legged and bent-backed he hit the ground only to leap and buck again. He was wild with the pain of the girth, mad with the crush of the bit and insane at the gouge of the spurs. He was fighting the thing on his back with all the strength and frenzy of a captured tiger.

Poor Ed was the hated thing on the bronco's back. Both, now, were fighting for the same end—to separate horse and rider. After the pony's first buck Ed had forgotten all his desire for fame and all his vaunted claim to horsemanship. His foot had slipped from the stirrup and he had come down into the saddle with a jar that had almost made him forget his troubles. Disregarding entirely the etiquette of bronco-busting he clutched wildly at the saddle with both hands and watched the sea-sick motion of the ground in utter terror. At each jolt Ed would try to turn loose, but by the time he had made up his mind to that the horse would be up in the air again and the earth too far away for contemplation. But it was not for long that both parties worked together in vain. At what seemed to Ed as the thousandth heart-breaking jolt he lost his handhold. Rocket buckled his back and slashed around again, leaving our hero to obey the laws of gravity at his own discretion.

After a short but extremely brilliant glimpse into the wonders of astronomy, Ed was plunged into a Stygian void. The next thing he knew he was stretched out on the ground surrounded by the onlookers who were laughing loud and long.

"Here," said Mr. Mudge, "lemmie rub your neck. It must be about broken."

"Neck, hell," gasped Ed. "I wish you'd pull my chin outa my chest so's I can breathe."

The next morning after breakfast Blue called to Ed. "Well, you shore took a tumble. That ole saying about pride comin' before destruction and a stiff neck before a fall certainly worked out on you."

"Can't see it that way at all," sputtered Ed. "I never got any stiff neck until AFTER my fall."

HISTORICAL





SEWANEE SPIRIT

Each year there is in some one of the Sewanee publications an article on Sewanee Spirit. Outsiders have wondered why there should be this annual attempt to define that which is characterized as being "Intangible and indefinite." No doubt it seems strange to outsiders that there should be *any* definitions of the spirit of Sewanee, when there is always some incident to refer to as a concrete evidence of that spirit. But to those of Sewanee, to those who have been within the magic circle of the mountain's grip, there is something lasting in the hold that the place takes upon them. There is something so stirring in the view of the valley, something so alluring in the delicate shading of the green upon the mountain side, and something so uplifting about the struggle of this mountain that it puts within the breast of those who have felt its tug at their heart-strings a desire to tell others of the unconquerable spirit of the whole place. To those who have stood at the sheer edge of the mountain and seen the terrible conflict for mere existence put forth day in and day out by this kindly old fighter and its mighty trees against the merciless winds and storms, there comes a wonder at the smiling beauty that can be found in every shady wood and sunlit field. With that wonder there comes to them a love for this indomitable old giant that fights with all the powers at its command just for the chance to laugh with the silver note of its streamlets and smile with the soft green of its woodlands.

So too, the University here is imbued with that spirit of the mountain. Year in and year out Sewanee fights against the merciless march of time and the fetters of incomplete equipment or endowment. Her assets are pitifully insufficient, but her spiritual endowment is as great as the mountain upon which she is established. As many of the fairest flowers and sturdiest trees of the mountain are sacrificed in the fight for existence, so too are the lives and labors of many of Sewanee's noblest sons offered for the greater life, the life of their Alma Mater. The memory of these sacrifices forms an undying chapter of Sewanee's spiritual endowment.

Sewanee was founded in a crisis, and has gone through one long series of crises ever since. *How* she has come through has never been told. She has been fighting on when the fight seemed lost, living on when life seemed gone; just as the mountain, fighting for a chance to smile upon the world with her beauty and stir the hearts of men with the power of the truth she gives them. It is by her life, by her fight on against unconquerable odds that Sewanee lives the very truth she wants to tell. Her unending struggle for life exemplifies the lesson that she teaches. That truth is; that every man, every being that comes into existence on this earth has within his inmost soul some one great lesson of life this impatient age wants to know, and that it is that being's privilege and God-given right to fight on against any odds or any foe and tell that truth to a gaunt and needy world. That then is what Sewanee has to give to the world; that is what we call the Sewanee spirit—that flame of desire set up by this "toward city" to give one truth to the world, some one great lesson that will help others to live and be glad for the joy of living.



THE HISTORY OF SEWANEE



Ages ago the rains and storms and moulding of the earth formed the massive old mountain on which Sewanee now stands. Though that time was eons ago there was even then a part of Sewanee, for the elements in shaping the mountain left there a serene beauty and an undying courage which has always been Sewanee's. This then is the background of Sewanee's history. To get an accurate perspective of Sewanee's history it would be therefore, best to take a glimpse at Sewanee before her history began. The best account of those days is contained in a paper entitled "Pre-Historic Sewanee" written for E. Q. B. by the Reverend Mr. Easter many years ago.

"Probably the first building on the mountain was known as the 'Rose Cabin'. This cabin was situated just above what is now known as Tremlett Spring, though at that time it was called Rose Spring after the name of the owner. Here assembled the hunters from all the adjacent valleys to begin their deer drives. This cabin was still standing in the early seventies. The railroad drove the game far back into the mountains and the hunter gave way to the actual settler and coal miner. Coal was discovered long before the railroad was built up the mountainside, and was used by the valley blacksmiths for their forges although no one else thought of using the 'stone coal'. Early in the '40's it was decided to push the railroad, which then ran to Shelbyville, on to Chattanooga. The arrival of the engineers in Crow Creek valley just south of the tunnel caused a great commotion.

"If that thar railroad," said one old farmer, "comes in here with all o' hits smoke and devilish noises, a-scarin' stock and chillun and runnin' game back from here, this here valley won't be wuth livin' in." So public meetings were held, railways in general were denounced and people were urged to resist the invasion of the valley by shooting the engineers if necessary. One old gentleman, however, thought these meetings "much ado about nothing".

"For," said he, "God-A' Mighty himself settled the business by putting that thar mountain whar it wus."



And so peace was restored.

But meanwhile the railroad was recklessly built on to Cowan, then on to the foot of the mountain. When it was brought up to the foot of the great hill instead of trying to go over it "scratched under"; and Crow Creek valley was doomed.

When in 1854 it was announced that a company had been formed to start at the tunnel and build the railway up the mountain men asked each other "What next?", and many were the predictions of failure; but up it came. The first engine was driven by one Law; his success in climbing the steep side of the mountain on the two streaks of iron rust proved that law and order are sure to come out on top.

When the first train reached what is now Sewanee there was great excitement, every able-bodied man, woman and child for miles around came to see the wonderful engine. Many of the sight-seers had never heard of a train! They could hardly believe their eyes. I was going to say their senses, but sense in a mountaineer at that time was practically a minus quantity. They gathered in about the engine as close as they deemed safe. One of them showed his sympathy for the "Iron horse" and its tremendous work by remarking, "Gosh, Jim! she must be tired just hear her pant!" Suddenly the engine "popped off" as the train men say, and the crowd wildly sought the woods, running over everything except the largest trees and nearly stripping each other of their clothing in their mad dash for safety.

While the road was in the process of construction Mr. Law brought with his family from Nashville, two small windows for his cottage. These window-panes attracted as much attention as did the engine. People came from far and near to see them. Houses without windows and even without window holes were quite the fashion among the mountain folk. "The houses were without windows," says James Lane Allen, "and the chimneys, mud and stick affairs built wide and low so that a man might sit by the fire and spit out over the top."

The railroad only went, in those days, as far as the "Lower Banks", hence it is that though all the coal that passes here comes from Tracy City or above, it is still known as Sewanee Coal on the market. The company thought that they were doing great things in those days when they shipped as much as four car-loads of coal a week, and it was a common thing to stop the train on the side of the mountain when game was sighted so that the train-men could hunt as long as they pleased. If they got home that day all well and good but if they did not there was no harm done for there was no hurry.

Early settlers in Sewanee know how to appreciate the railroad facilities which we now enjoy and I am not far wrong when I say that even up to 1880 the track was little more than the aforementioned streaks of rust. A wait of from two to five hours at the depot at Cowan was nothing. Passengers fought shy of the night trains, unless prepared to camp out all night for they seldom came until the next day. When the trainmen left their homes they took a supply of food and their lanterns for the hour of their return was unknown. To run off the track was an every day occurrence, and it was a common thing to hear the long blasts of the whistle, calling for section hands scarcely after the train had turned the first curve. The engineer who made the whole trip without accident "set 'em up to his crew." Passengers were rarely hurt however, and when blackberries were in season they took the delay good-naturedly, for the berries were very abundant. Sometimes, there was a stuffy little car attached to the train, but generally passengers, baggage and all were piled up on the top of the coal cars to take the weather as it came. This may seem an exaggeration but I have seen ladies perched on the loaded cars with their umbrellas up to keep off the rain. It was years before we had such a thing as a baggage car. Once on board the cars



you could take your choice between balancing on a split-bottomed chair, sitting on the soft side of a lump of coal or lying down which ever you thought safest. The engines were tiny little humped-back affairs and the first one, "The Sewanee" would attract as much attention now as she did on her first trip. It was very short and so were all the cars on account of the sharp curves. When better coaches were put into service matters were not much improved for the engine had to stop at each grade to get up more steam, and when it started off again one was apt to sit down with more celerity than grace. I well remember seeing a man who was looking out the back of the car jerked half way out of the window, while on another occasion the superintendent of the road was rolled very unceremoniously under the water-cooler. Probably the worst connections were in 1865, when to the question, "When does the next train go up the mountain?" the answer was "Next Wednesday"; while to further question, "What am I to do?" the answer was, "You can climb the mountain, go back where you came from or camp out just as you chose."

But that is getting ahead of the story for it was in 1860 that the corner stone was settled in its place and the work begun on the University. However, it is best that the readers should get a clear understanding of the immensely important railroad facilities which decided the founders in favor of Sewanee rather than another spot on a less commercialized part of the mountain. The story of the laying of the original corner-stone before the civil war is practically unknown and was only recently told in a letter sent to the Kirby-Smith Chapter of the U. D. C. by the man who had charge of getting the stone up the mountain. The following is excerpted from letter:

"Let me go back to the first survey of domain. I carried the chain or staff on the whole survey. Bishop Polk and I were great friends for a man of his years and my being a mere lad. He put confidence in me and sent me to get the first corner stone from the foot of the mountain, where the team that had brought it from Elk River had gave out. I transferred it to a wagon of my father's and with two yolk of his oxen and 32 borrowed from neighbors landed it on the spot by sundown of the



same day. My old man gave me three days to do it and General Polk laughed at the idea. I had full control and only my father's trusty darkeys to help me. Bishop Polk came riding up at the last hard pull and insisted on my parking for the night. He said, I had done so well and could take an early start in the morning. I remarked to him that he had turned the job over to me and that I would land that stone there by sundown or kill two yolk of my oxen doing it. Little master John Elliot, Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliot's brother, came up about that time and when we started on the last pull he rode all the way into Sewanee on the top of the stone."

On October 10th a few days after that there was a great celebration at the laying of the corner stone. Many people came up for the occasion. Bishop Polk would not trust the stone to the rough treatment of the railroad and this rough riding was testified to by the fact that although the majority of the visitors came up on the train, more than the majority went back in hacks and some even on foot.

During the Civil War the original stone was blown up by the Federals, and most of it was lost. However, the Sewanee chapter of the U. D. C. has a bit of the stone presented to them by Mr. I. T. Miller, the man who pulled the original slab up the mountain with his thirty-four ox team.

"It was years before there was any pretense of entertainment for the belated passengers at Cowan, and it was a place to be fought shy of and remembered long after.

Finally one Gillem started a hotel, at least it was called a hotel by courtesy. I fancy it was remembered by the visitors with more anathemas than blessings. Bishop Quintard stopped there one night with a New York friend. Calling at the door considerably after midnight, a voice came in reply:

"That you Bishop? Well push in, push in to the right!"

They pushed in to the right and the Bishop began feeling about the empty room for the bed.

"You are not going to bed in the dark are you, Bishop?" asked his friend.

"Yes I am," answered the Bishop, "and in the morning you will be glad that you had no light."

Mr. Gillem built the first store in Sewanee, the one which now stands on the corner next to the Post-Office, and his sign "P. Gillem" (Pleasant Gillem) is one of my earliest recollections. The depot, a very rickety, frame building stood on the high ground opposite the present depot, and was sufficiently high for the passengers to step in and out of the coal cars. As well as I remember there were no dwellings between the depot and the residence of Judge Phelan, The Old Sewanee Inn. There were but few dwelling houses at all on the mountain at that time, about fifteen in all; among them were Powhatan Hall, Mrs. Galleher's and Tremlett Hall then new and in its glory. The Library, afterward the printing office, was on the present site of the A. T. O. chapter house. The chapel with its surrounding recitation rooms was a tiny affair but as now the center of everything. East of the chapel the bushes were so thick that by going to where Palmetto Hall now stands those inclined could fight all day without fear of interruption, and it would have been a very easy matter to get lost in the neighborhood of St. Luke's. In fact the whole mountain was covered with a very heavy growth of underbrush; where Mr. DuBose now lives was way back in the woods. During the Civil War there was a Federal encampment just below Mrs. Hoge's home. A caisson blew up in camp, scattering pieces of shell and iron in every direction. I remember finding many of these pieces in the stream below the hill.

In the summer of "70" and "71" the white laboring men of the town led by a desperado named Rose, undertook to run all the negroes off the mountain. A negro carpenter brought here by Professor Dabney was almost cut to pieces and left for dead



close to the site of Otey Memorial Church. There was great excitement, you may well imagine, and for nights the streets were patrolled by the students under the command of Colonel Sevier, drill master and proctor. The proctor in those days was town marshal and everything else. His hands were kept full for the depot element was perfectly lawless and some of the students were almost as bad. Colonel Sevier was a splendid type of soldier; commanding presence and perfectly fearless, just the man for the times. He put down the trouble at the depot by walking into Rose's cabin and arresting him, though his friends were about him and pistols were plentiful in the air.

When I entered school in "72" all but the gownsmen and those who were physically disabled were obliged to drill; there were only about a dozen gownsmen at the time and there must have been about two hundred in the various companies. From the Convocation Hall to the trees in Manigault Park was our drill ground, being also the old Hardee Base Ball grounds. Here we assembled "at daylight's early dawning" and drilled until breakfast time. I have never cared to drill since though I did not do as much of it as my classmates did, for by some accident my name was omitted from the roll. I have always made it a rule never to intrude where I was not wanted. I had to turn out as usual or my good grandmother would have reported me, but I spent the hour very pleasantly in the tank, and came in with the rest for breakfast with my hair "fairly wet with perspiration" to my grandmother's great alarm and distress.

Baseball was in its glory in the "70's". There were some six or seven nines each in the Sewanee and Hardee clubs to say nothing of the R. E. Lee's and the Independents. I had the honor to captain this latter club and can still call the roll without hesitation. Monday was the school holiday and the whole mountain turned out to see the matches played in front of Tremlett. There were no expenses except for the balls and bats. The bright uniforms of red and blue were furnished by the lady friends of each team, and everything was as free as the air. It was a great honor to be thought worthy of a place on the first nine and the captains of the first nines were the idols of the school. Such a man could throw acorns at a small boy to his heart's content and that small chap would feel it a great honor to be noticed by so great a man. At another time a medal was given to the most gentlemanly boy in school, decided by popular ballot. It was won in "72" by one chap, solely because he was the captain of the first nine, which was at that time in the ascendancy. Professor Cooper, Headmaster of the Grammar School, was the great umpire in those days, and as he was a cripple always sat in a wheel chair. I can hardly offer you a better illustration of the difference between baseball of that time and the present. Catchers never thought of coming up under the bat, and the third strike or a foul caught on the first bound answered every purpose. A point to be remembered was that a foul fly always bounded backward—hence the call of the captain, "Get behind it, get behind it."

No record of the early times would be complete without mention of "Oxford Court"—six cabins built on three sides of a square. If it were still in existence it would be on the site occupied by the late Mr. Judd's studio. Oxford was the chief court of "Judge Kangaroo" and woe betide the luckless wanderer whose crowd was not close at hand to rescue him. In front of Mrs. Stack's house there was another such group of cabins though on its site the trees are now seventy-five feet high. These cabins belonged to Mrs. Polk's Hall. They were all torn down as the number of regular halls was increased, for it was found impossible to keep their inmates within bounds. There was great rivalry between the different halls and on one occasion



a raid on Powhatan had to be repulsed with sticks and baseball bats; while if there had been a phonograph concealed under the little bridge in front of it we might still have some of those blood-curdling yells and I dare say many other words of strong emotion that are still used under conditions of great stress. Yes those were jolly times, and when I look back on the dark days of the University with all the difficulties under which she labored—when I think of the inaccessibility of her position and of the bareness and unattractiveness of her surroundings, I can only say, her mission must be Divine. Had not an Almighty Hand guided her through the darkness, she could never have emerged into the glorious heritage of today.





THE ALL-SEWANEE FOOTBALL TEAM

Of course an All-Sewanee football team is more or less of a myth; more of a myth than the All-American that arouses so much interest each year, as far as getting together is concerned, and less of a myth at Sewanee than that same All-American for the men who have been picked for the All-Sewanee team have been so much referred to and talked about by old-timers that they are almost personal friends to the present student-body. Despite the fact that the All-Sewanee team is an historical myth, there is nevertheless considerable honor attached to being rated in the same category of football ability with such stars as Simpkins, Seibels and Lanier; an honor not often conferred and a height seldom attained by the players of this generation. Ask any of the "old-timers" for further confirmation of this statement.

This year enquiries were sent out to the majority of the alumni asking for their individual selection for the All-Sewanee team. The response was very satisfactory for not only were many selections sent in but also there was a considerable number of players who received a practically unanimous vote. The picking of the two All-Sewanee teams was very difficult for there were so many men who received the same number of votes. The only way that the final selection could be made was by counting the total number of votes received by each man irrespective of the positions for which the votes were given.

Many of the enthusiastic judges were not satisfied with picking only the team but went ahead and picked All-Sewanee cheer-leaders and rooters. The best of these selection was for "Willie Six" for all-time, All-Sewanee rubber and water-boy.



ALL-SEWANEE FIRST TEAM

Name	Position	Name
Williams	Ends	Gillem
Phillips	Tackles	Stone
Falkinberry	Guards	Claiborne
Poole	Center	Poole
Scarborough	Quarter	Scarborough
Simpkins	Full	Simpkins
Seibels	Halves	Lanier

ALL SEWANEE SECOND TEAM

Name	Position	Name
Osborne	End	Lewis
Bowling	Tackle	Moise
Hawkins	Guards	Sheppard and E. Kirby-Smith
Juhan	Center	Juhan
Browne	Quarter	Browne
Markely	Full	Markely
Shipp	Halves	Kilpatrick

CLOSE CONTESTANTS

Backs	Linemen	Ends
Blacklock	Cleveland	Watkins, T. Evins
Tolley	Wilson	Chepe, Jones
Cope	Wortham	R. Kirby-Smith
		Woodson
		Coughlan



RECORDS OF SEWANEE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS

1899

	Sewanee	Opponents
Sewanee vs. Georgia	12	0
Sewanee vs. Georgia Tech	32	0
Sewanee vs. Tennessee	51	0
Sewanee vs. S. P. U.	54	0
Sewanee vs. Texas	12	0
Sewanee vs. Texas A. & M.	10	0
Sewanee vs. Tulane	23	0
Sewanee vs. Louisiana U.	34	0
Sewanee vs. Mississippi U.	12	0
Sewanee vs. Cumberland	71	0
Sewanee vs. Auburn	11	10
Sewanee vs. North Carolina	5	0
Total.....	327	10

1909

	Sewanee	Opponents
Sewanee vs. S. P. U.	64	0
Sewanee vs. Princeton.....	0	20
Sewanee vs. Georgia Tech	15	0
Sewanee vs. L. S. U.	15	6
Sewanee vs. Castle Heights College	38	0
Sewanee vs. Auburn	12	11
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt	16	5
Total.....	160	42



SEWANEE FOOTBALL RECORD

1891 to 1920

	Played	Won	Tied	Lost
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt	31	7	3	21
Sewanee vs. Virginia	4	1	1	2
Sewanee vs. Washington and Lee	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. U. of Tennessee	14	10	0	4
Sewanee vs. U. of Georgia	12	7	1	4
Sewanee vs. Georgia Tech	11	7	1	3
Sewanee vs. Tulane	5	5	0	0
Sewanee vs. U. of Alabama	16	9	2	5
Sewanee vs. Auburn	10	7	1	2
Sewanee vs. U. of N. Carolina	5	1	2	2
Sewanee vs. U. of Texas	7	3	0	4
Sewanee vs. U. of Nashville	8	6	0	2
Sewanee vs. Cumberland U.	10	8	0	2
Sewanee vs. L. S. U.	5	5	0	0
Sewanee vs. U. of Mississippi	4	4	0	0
Sewanee vs. Centre College	4	2	0	2
Sewanee vs. S. W. P. U.	4	4	0	0
Sewanee vs. Texas A. & M.	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Washington U.	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Bethel College	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Clemson	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Mississippi A. & M.	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. U. of Kentucky	6	2	3	1
Sewanee vs. St. Louis U.	1	0	1	0
Sewanee vs. Princeton	1	1	1	0
Sewanee vs. Chatt. U.	6	5	0	0
Sewanee vs. U. of Florida	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Oglethorpe	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Baylor U.	2	1	0	1
Sewanee vs. Rice Institute	1	0	0	1
Sewanee vs. Howard College	2	1	1	0
Sewanee vs. Transylvania	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Georgetown	1	1	0	0
Totals	183	109	17	57



Campus Chatter



A SEWANEE SIREN



Occasionally some of Sewanee's "jelly-beans" succumb to the alluring wiles of cruel vampires, and have the misfortune of being consigned to the finny tribe, in other words they "hold the sack" as it is well expressed in campus vernacular. This is the tragedy which happened in the tale about to be related.

During the final primpings in preparation for the dance miss Vamp had remarked with a capricious toss of her head "give me ten minutes with a man and he's mine, yes *mine*." So ended the discussion of "Who's Who at Sewanee" and no more was thought of these boastful words until they were realized by Mr. Jelly.

SCENE I.

(Second floor of The Sewanee Union, tastefully decorated for final commencement convivial revelries, thronged with striking types of the modern girl in latest Parisian gowns, beautiful as far as they go, and boys with hair waxed to give the patent leather effect, all making merry in dance.)

Mr. Jelly (Who is a rather late arrival): "Say, Bean, who's the best dancer on the floor?"

Mr. Bean: "It's dead certain, then, you haven't met Miss Vamp."

Mr. Jelly: "No, where is she, you know my failing for good dancers."

Mr. Bean: (Scanning the floor with eager eye, finally spies the siren): "There she is in the northeast corner, the girl with the fellow in the 'tuck',—No.! The one in the black gown, yae with the dimple in her shoulder."

Mr. Jelly (Eyes sparkling, and heart throbbing with excitement): "Oh, the girl with lace stockings. I see, lead on."

Mr. Bean (With Mr. Jelly in tow, struggles through the dancers in mad attempt to reach Miss Vamp and her partner): "May I break please, Miss Vamp allow me to present my friend, Mr. Jelly."



Miss Vamp: "So charmed to meet you, Mr. Jelly, it's such a pleasure to meet you Sewanee men you are all perfect dears."

Mr. Jelly: "It's truly a pleasure to meet you Miss Vamp."

(They dance and are soon lost in the crowd. Now when it came to dancing Mrs. Vernon Castle or Anna Pavlowa "had nothing on" Miss Vamp. Her terpsichorean proclivities gave her body perfect grace and harmony to the music's rhythm. Nor did the bewitching wiles of Cleopatra or Carmen excel her power of enchantment.)

Miss Vamp (Seeking to entangle her latest victim in her relentless web): "Darling where have you been during the early years of my life? How dull life has been without your presence to brighten my little world so sordid without your companionship."

Mr. Jelly (Somewhat aghast, but not to be floored flat, inadequately retaliates): "Th—Thank you Miss Vamp, so sweet of you, let me say that we long for girls like you, here on the 'Old Rock'."

Miss Vamp (Seeing that they are going to be broken): "Alas, we must part, but not for long I *do* hope, good bye, Sweetie, be good."

Mr. Jelly (Walking away sighs contentedly and slaps an innocent by-stander between the shoulders): "A wonderful dance, old man."

(The dance continues. The orchestra spreads jazz in wild contagion. Sparks fly from the fiddlers bow, the trombonist pokes his instrument toward the ceiling, reaching weird notes never heard before or since. The saxophone moans mysterious melodies, the trappist juggles his sticks with frisky flourishes, making tinkling cow bells harmonize with barnyard sounds. The "ivory-knocker" not to be out-done, with strenuous shinmyings forces his instruments to rattle its klinking keys. "Dinner Dance" is raucously roared by the leader of *The Dance*. Couples descend the stairs for refreshment. In vain Mr. Jelly searches for his idol, and then despondently seeks comfort with his cigarette beneath the moonlit sky.)

SCENE II.

(The dance is taken up again with renewed vigor, and the exuberance of youth permeates the atmosphere.)

Mr. Jelly (Anxiously struggles through the merry makers in hot pursuit of his siren, and at last discovers her): "May I break please? So glad to have found you Miss Vamp. I have just done a bit of charity and it's such a relief to bid farewell to a 'stick'."



Miss Vamp: "You dear, sweet, unselfish boy, I'm so happy you rescued me from that boresome creature, . . . I missed you so much during the 'dinner intermission', I'm afraid you didn't care enough to come to me."

The music stops. "Sixth Regular" is announced.

Miss Vamp: "I loath waltzes, hurry, I'll break this dance for you dear."

Mr. Jelly: "What do you say about a dash of punch?"

Miss Vamp: "How thoughtful of my comfort, you're just too kind for words."

Mr. Jelly (After they have sipped pink punch for several minutes): "It's a wonderful night. Let's enjoy its cool refreshment."

Miss Vamp: "I adore moonlight nights! I could walk forever with you beneath a moonlit sky, just you and I!"

(Resting her head on his strong arm they move as one and are lost in the silhouetted shadows of the campus.)



It would be rather personal to relate all the details of these first few minutes they spent together all alone, in fact it would be hardly fair to Miss Vamp. So they have been left to the reader's imagination, which it is trusted will be allowed due freedom. One detail, however, is so characteristic that the story would not be complete without it.



Mr. Jelly: "Kiss me dear before we return to the dance."

Miss Vamp: "I'd love to Jelly darling, but I haven't time now, you know the dance will be over in half an hour, and I just can't keep Mr. Bean waiting for me after it's over."

Ten minutes later they are seen returning, she caressingly massages his arm. Jazz has replaced the waltz and Mr. Bean is awaiting them at the door of the Union.

Mr. Bean: "This is our dance, Miss Vamp."

Miss Vamp: "See you later, Mr. Jelly, ta ta, I enjoyed the walk so much."

Mr. Jelly watches her with love-sick stare. The dance continues. Mr. Jelly breaks many times but Miss Vamp's popularity will not permit lengthy entanglements. With sighs of relief the chaperons hear "Home Sweet Home" played in waltz time and every other kind of time. After "Alma Mater", and a "Big U. of S.", good



byes are whispered and extravagant "thank-yous" are lavishly given, along with "do-come-back-agains".

In one corner Mr. Jelly and Miss Vamp may be seen in intimate conversation.

Miss Vamp: "I'm deeply grieved that my late date cannot be broken. 'Precious' you must not fail to see me before the train leaves."

Mr. Jelly (Sadly disappointed): "Well. I suppose it can't be helped, don't forget your promise to me."

SCENE III.

(Scene at the station. A tired though jubilant crowd buzzing about, girls and boys perched on trunks, while others stroll up and down the platform. Mr. Jelly arrives, and while searching for his "soul mate", overhears the following conversation.

Miss Vamp: "Darling you have been so sweet to me, why have we not met before,

my life without you will be worth nothing. We have been fashioned for each other and we must always be near."

Mr. Jelly (Thinking to himself): "Can it be her voice, yes, none other has such musical notes, such soft soothing tones, and she doesn't care *for me at all*."

Mr. Jelly quickly slips from the crowd, and steals along toward the campus. Kicking a pebble he remarks to himself, "The Fathers at St. Andrews haven't such a bad life after all."





“OUR BUSY DAY”

The Administration at Work

About 8:10 Colonel Rankin, rotund of spirit and form, wanders in chewing a toothpick, takes off his hat, looks at the marker on the water tank, sees that it is empty as usual and is satisfied, opens the safe and takes out his golf clubs, then sinks down in his chair exhausted by the thought of the day's work before him.

At 8:15 Charlie Underwood makes his appearance, opens his desks, one window and fills his pipe. Colonel joins Charlie with the following remark:

Colonel: “I made a 44 yesterday with a 7 on the 6th and you know, Charlie, I did a remarkable thing yesterday on the 5th green,” etc., etc., etc.

Charlie: “I would have made a pretty good score but the 10 on the 1st,” etc., etc., etc.

Both launch vigorously into a denunciation of everything and finish much refreshed. Colonel thinks about the day's work again and becomes exhausted.

Bishop arrives.

Charlie begins pounding on a typewriter. Colonel runs through the batch of mail that has been on his desk since the first of the year and decides they offer too many difficulties to answer and relaxes in his chair as the Bishop leaves for Chapel.

About 9:10 T. Hodgson arrives all out of breath, opens the vault, takes out one ledger and comes to the decision that there is no use in starting anything now so joins Colonel Rankin and Charlie in a session that has for its subject golf, a joke by the Colonel, golf, a joke by the Colonel.

Dinner.

About 2:30 all come rushing in, open the mail, read the paper, discuss the merits of Colonel Rankin's putter and rest a bit after the morning's exertion.

About 3:00 the whole bunch light out in different directions, At 3:10 they are all on the first tee of the golf links. Colonel makes remark about his headache forcing him out. T. Hodgson comments on this being the first time he was out in a month. Charlie says nothing. All three drive in the rough and are satisfied.



A BUM PAGE

Much has been written about the good in goodness, the right in rightness, the lightning in white lightning, and even the Queen of Queensberry, but practically nothing has been said about the punk in punkins or the bum in bumming. Now who first put the bum to bumming is a question that has never bothered any but the railroads. What bum first started bumming? That is what they would all like to know. But that is not what we are concerned with, what this page is to be devoted to is the lucid explanation of the methods and experiences of some of these bum fellows that have come before the public eye.

"To bum or not to bum" that, says the bum, is the question. If he bums, he will have money to get in the game and a show after it; if he does not bum then he can't see his team play, even if he has the money. So he usually bums. Some of these bums have an easy time of it. For example, take "Gentleman Jawm," who rides in state wherever he wishes, getting by the eagle eye of the conductor by reason of his suave talk and his innocent face. Or else take the famous "War Tax" who is so small that he can climb into the hammock of an upper, and who has to climb on the hanging-rod of the curtains in order to look out of the ventilator. These experiences are like the luxurious travels of the crowned heads when compared to that awful trip of "Long Tom" who rode through to name and fame on the under side of a lower.

When the hero of that name stealthily crept on board the N. C. and St. L., bound for Chattanooga, there was the look of the hunted in his eyes. With a furtive glance up and down the aisle he made sure that the ticket-taker was looking in the other direction and quickly dropping into a seat hid his head completely with a newspaper. His number tens might have been out in the aisle but the "con" could never know their owner as long as he kept that paper over his head. In some way this strange mountain of paper escaped the inspection of the conductor and our hero rode into Chattanooga with colors flying—the colored, comic section still flying across his brow.

But hush! Now 'tis night and its dark shadows hide the figure that flits along the way to the big depot on Market Street. Surely no one would recognize our hero now for he is convinced that he is not himself any more, in case the conductor catches him, that he might prove that it was not he who the "con" wanted. But now as the track team gets on the waiting pullman our hero bursts forth from the shadows and quickly hides himself in the bunch mounting the car. Once inside the pullman our hero finds it easy to hide in the shadows of the curtains hanging over on the empty berths.

Then he begins to realize that soon these berths will be taken by their rightful owners and that he will be thrown out upon his own resources. To face the conductor without a ticket is a risk too great to be run. Our hero finds himself in a desperate situation. To get off the train now would be quitting before the fight was over, while to stay would mean nothing else than sure discovery and instant ejection from the speeding steam-car. In despair our hero turns about for some sheltering darkness in which he can hide his presence from the ferret-eyed conductor. At last his eye lights upon a spot conducive to complete concealment. With a quick movement of sinuous grace our hero flops down upon the floor and slides under the first berth



in less time than it takes to say it. Here in this unusual position our hero finds that he can look upon things from their very foundation.

He has the advantage over the hero of "A Tale of Two Cities" for not only can he hear the foot-steps but he can also watch with unusual interest the feet that step. The feet of the conductor he has already learned for they step by with authority; the feet of the sleepy bed-seekers he can tell for they amble by with drowsy uncertainty, but the feet of the porter he can not make out for there are none that are put down with deference. And so while our hero lies there vainly trying to find a spot where he can raise his head high enough to slip a merciful pillow under his aching neck, he does not know that the feet which have stepped up beside his downy couch with such authority are not those of the conductor, and when he hears a quick movement in the aisle and sees the bent legs of some-one stooping to reach under the berth, he knows not but what his doom is nigh. A hand is thrust under the berth! It reaches for him! Our hero shrinks within himself, his heart pounds furiously in his heaving breast. He pictures himself jerked out from his unfortunate position by his already upright hair. The dread hand comes nearer! But blessed relief, it swerves off to the right and takes hold of the knob on the radiator. It is only the porter turning on the heat! Then comes another trial for our hero. The radiator begins to zoon, the heat comes on with a vengeance. Hotter and hotter gets the hard floor beneath him. The sweat rolls from his tortured brow, he seeks for a breath of fresh air to cool his parching throat but finds there is none in the close confines of his self-inflicted torture-cell. At last our hero finds the pangs he suffers in this hard-wood straight-jacket are worse than any accumulated anger of a dozen enraged conductors. He can stand this no longer. He decides to face the amassed wrath of the whole train crew, and with one mighty wriggle wiggles from his prison cell, leaving bits of his clothes still clinging to the affectionate ends of the springs which are making the ride easier for the one above who chose the upper side of the berth for his repose.

The rest of the story is very short. Our dilapidated hero simply climbed into a berth with a member of the team and spent the rest of the night thinking over the horrors of its first few minutes.



UNDIGNIFIED- BUT OH, MY!

The "old grad" stood and looked on in amazement at the awkwardness of the dancers. "How they bobbed up and down!" "Why that was considered the height of clumsiness in his day." "This was no way to dance, like a bunch of yokel at a corn-husking." "Such jumping around would never have been allowed in his day." Such were the thoughts that rang through the mind of the old-timer as he compared the stately waltzes of "his day" to the jerky, erratic step that was now evidently *the* thing. True he had been off in the back woods of Canada for some time, but still he had never expected Sewanee to fall from the graceful plane of these grand, old, rythmical waltzes to this. Suddenly a girl went by—bobbing up and down like all the rest—but what a dream, what a graceful arm she placed so cozily on her partner's shoulder, and such hair, what a perfect rosebud mouth, and what a glorious pair of eyes, and Oh, well what a *wonderful* girl. As the "old grad" looks on he wonders how such a flower, such a dream, could have been there all this time without his having seen her before; while secretly wishing that he was just a bit more modern in his dancing propensities. Again *the girl* goes by; this time flashing a smile to the old-timer. The "old grad" feels that he must meet that smile and know its owner more intimately. He turns to a neighbor and gets an introduction from him. As he starts off with his newly met partner he feels rather uneasy about his dancing ability, for the first time since his freshman days on the "Old Rock" and to say the least just a bit out of step. He feels himself getting in his own way, provoked and ashamed of his clumsiness and disgusted with his ignorance of the modern dance.

"This dance, this hop-skip-and-jump step, what do you call it?" stammers the 'old grad' thinking it most undignified, but wishing he could lose some of his dignity.

"Why don't you know?" gasps his partner in astonishment. "This is the *Toddle*. Can't *you* toddle?"

"Toddle!" he splutters, "Why Great Scott, I forgot how to do that about thirty years ago!"

"Well," laughs his pretty partner, "You'll never get far at this dance if you don't learn how again."

"Toddle," says the 'old grad' to himself as some one breaks, "Toddle.

"Oh backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight;

Oh! make me a child again, just for tonight!"



HELL'S BELLS.

(An Ode to the Cows of the anti-bell'em days of 1920.)

Hear the clinking heifer bells,
Brazen Bells!
What a night of sleeplessness
Their loud discord foretells.
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring with all their might!
From the two-bit hardware notes,
All out of tune.

What a frightful din there floats,
To the student as he listen, while he gloats,
"Morn comes soon!"
Oh, from out the clanking cells
What a gush of damned sound voluminously swells,
How it wells,
How it spells,
No more sleeping. How it tells
Of the swearing that impels
To the ringing and the swinging
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, Hell's Bells—
To the jangling and the tingling of the bells.

Hear the clappers in the bells—
Durn cow bells!
What a world of solemn threats
Their dash-blank clank compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we grumble at our plight,
Near distracted by the never-ceasing tone,
For every sound that floats
From 'neath the old cows' throats.
Means a groan.
And the students—Ah, we students
Driven past the bounds of patience,
Swear and moan.
And while rolling, tossing, rolling,
With an agony unknown,
Find a hope somewhat consoling,
That the Bishop may be shown,
That the campus is no stockyard
And will order "on our greensward
No more cows!"



SAINT LUKE'S ALL.

COMMENTS ON ALL IN THE HALL

Ching, Ching, Ching,
Chow, Chow, Chow,
Chinese Hash, Bow, Wow, Wow!
SAINT LUKE'S!!

The yell breaks out upon the still night with something of a jar. It is the bunch leading forth another victim to be fed to the awful "Kangaroo." They lead forth the poor wretch and there he stands, shaking and quaking in the shadows of St. Luke's ivy-mantled walls. Once again that unearthly yell curdles the peaceful quiet of Manigault Park. What did you say? No, they're not "Hell-cats" that's the cognomen of those demons over at Palmetto. These howlers are Theologues; at least that's the popular name for them. How many of them did you say? Well, there's about eleven that we can make out here in the darkness but then there is Wakefield who though not yet a technical theologian can spout more Scriptures than any other five men living. He says he inherits this from his great-great-grand-uncle, twice removed, the famous "Vicar" of that same family name.

You can see them pass. Now watch their shadows in the moonlight. If they keep up that out-door rough-house they'll hear something to their advantage from the "Abess." "Who's that?" Why our Matron Mrs. King. There! I knew it. One of the center windows goes up and the "Abbess" looks out on this embryo riot. No need of words. "The ass knoweth his crib;" the marauders subside. The shadows fade in the moonlight and gone from sight is the boisterous crowd.

But come, let's not dismiss so absorbing a subject as St. Luke's Hall without taking an inventory of some of its inmates, especially these would-be parsons. If you will but overlook the rather disturbing presence of some lowly academics, and try to close your ears to their frivolous and somewhat unavoidable chatter you can see with the more clearness the pure gems of hidden ray serene who are posing in this sequestered cloister as modest young theologues. Let us ascend the dimly lighted, monastic stairway of the fourth entry and take a look into the left-hand room on the second floor. Within a tome-lined study we find a handsome young ascetic of the Western type with his nose stuck between the leaves of an antique mildewed volume. This youth was roped on the dry and arid plains of Oklahoma; perhaps this explains his ability to push on through the ancient pages. His self-indulgent room-mate sits idly before the fire and draws lovingly upon a very chummy jimmy-pipe. The odor put forth by this combination of pipe and smoker and blue smoke is of quite knock-down variety. The smoker hails from Montgomery and if his mighty brain holds out he expects to make the people of Mississippi do penance. But hold! That racket across the hall seems to promise amusement. Thither let us wend our way. What a sight greets our eyes. Everybody trying to talk at once! A medley led by an abbreviated mass of Florida's output, accompanied by a resonant Irish bass with sonorous Tennessee gibberish interspersed and interrupted by pathetic wails from the love-sick swain from Iowa. "Abandon all ye hope who enter there!"

Suppose we try the second entry. Here upon the first roost we discover two blissful birds—blissful only in the presence of visitors, for on careful observation we find that feathers have been flying around the room in great numbers. One of these birds should be called a guila monster for he inhabits the Texas panhandle. Our Texan friend is noted for his aesthetic tastes.



And as for the way he treats some of his classmates with utter disdain! Oh! I feel so rough I could crush a grape! The other member of this firm is said to be one of the best looking men in the seminary. You notice that I say he is *said* to be. I would like to hear anybody else say it in my presence! However, he has two redeeming features—his New Orleans accent and his cheap wit.

"The last shall be first" and so the first entry shall be the last one given the "once-over." On entering the right-hand room on the second floor we are met by a swarthy, well built, South Carolina sand-lapper, with a very hard name; he looks much harder than he is. His favorite meat is "bull." He has won his "S" on many occasions but we would rather see him going around with big Stone "E." The sand-lapper's room-mate, late of Alaska, now one of Sewanee's chief pillars, or rather totem-poles, claims to be a full-blooded descendent of Lord Chesterfield. He has all the ear marks of a great "beau," except a monocle. When he folds his hands in front of his ribs and with a low sweeping bow says "Excuse me, please, Mrs. Preston?" Oh! Girls, don't ask me to describe it! It is a sight that would make Sir Walter Raleigh turn green with envy.

Now in the room above the one whose inmates you just saw we find a second man from Texas, who alone calls for attention from this fact—his two room mates are out selling extras of the Purple. He is a bachelor (that is having no theologues to room with, he wisely prefers single blessedness to a "parsonological" matie, as befits an inmate of a monastery). This man is quite different from the other Texan. This one is rough and ready, while the aforementioned one though not at all rough is always ready—with a cup of tea. But he is busy in his outdoor garden digging up Hebrew roots, so we must not stay. We will move on to the room across the hall. See what we find! There sits a man at the helm trying to steer his way through a rough and stormy course. He seems to be having a time of it for he grasps at every passing "straw." His favorite song is "How ya gona keep 'em over seventee." He is noted for his pronunciation of the word inspire, which he calls "inspah-ah."

Enough of this, let's go out while we have a chance. It would be nice to call on the other inmates but they are all down in the room below with the sand-lapper, Lord Chesterfield's descendent and others discussing some deep question of soteriology. There isn't anything too abstruse for their ignorance. They have decided many points of doctrinal dispute, but for some mysterious reason have never been able to get their views before the House of Bishops. Hush! The love-sick swain is at it again. Who says St. Luke's is not the center of University life?





Medals and Prizes

Awards of Medals and Prizes for 1920

The Knight Medal for Elocution

James Edward Harton ----- Tennessee

The Jamison Medal for Debate

Tom Neely Carruthers ----- Tennessee

The Lea Medal for Oratory

Tom Neely Carruthers ----- Tennessee

The Shepherd Medal for Essay

Charles Frederick Hard ----- Alabama

The Master's Medal for Latin

William Cabell Greet ----- Texas

The E. G. Richmond Prize for Political Science

William Cabell Greet ----- Tennessee

The Porter Cup to the Best All-Round Athlete

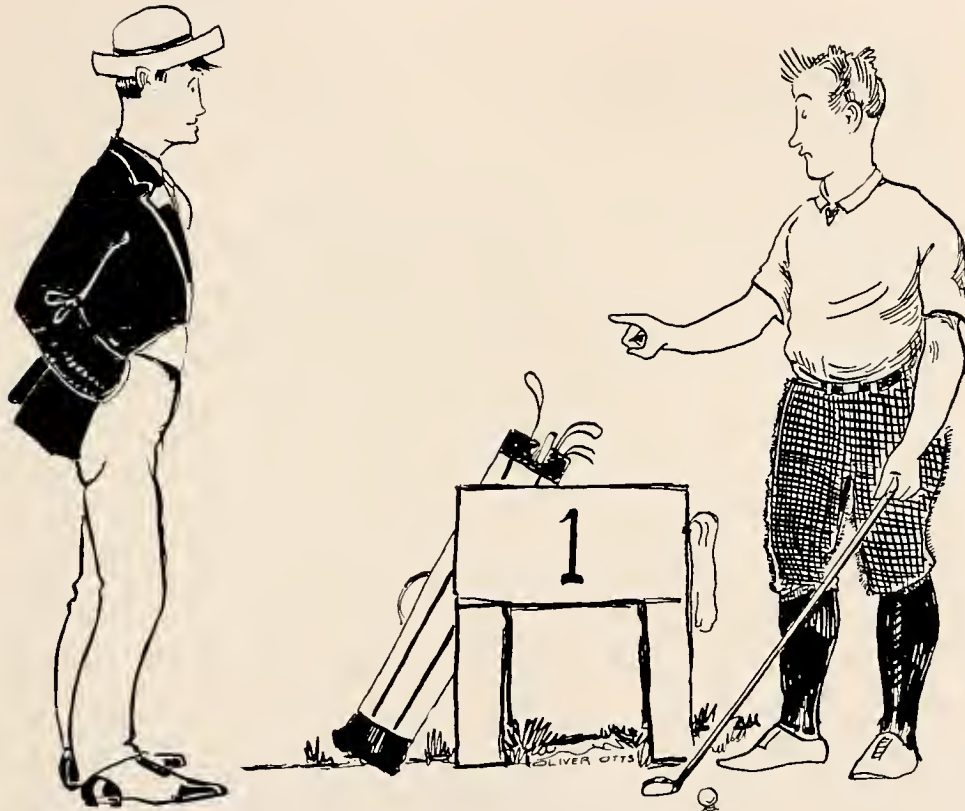
William Coughlan ----- Alabama

The Master Medal for Greek

William Cabell Greet ----- Texas



SEWANEE'S FAVORITE AT THE UNION



Golfer: "Better use discretion and go to the movie tonight."

Stude: "Why are you so anxious to go to the Union? Why so, Old Dear?"

Golfer: "Just turn this page and take a look. You'll be going too."





WHY MAGNOLIA IS SO POPULAR



The reason for Magnolia's popularity is Mrs. Eggleston.

Callers often find that Mrs. Eggleston is hard to "catch in," for she is out in the kitchen making a salad that she thinks the boys would like.

Rain or shine Mrs. Eggleston is always fixing up something that will please "the boys." It is on account of Mrs. Eggleston and the work that she is always so ready to do for the boys that makes Magnolia so popular.



THE ARTIST'S GIRL



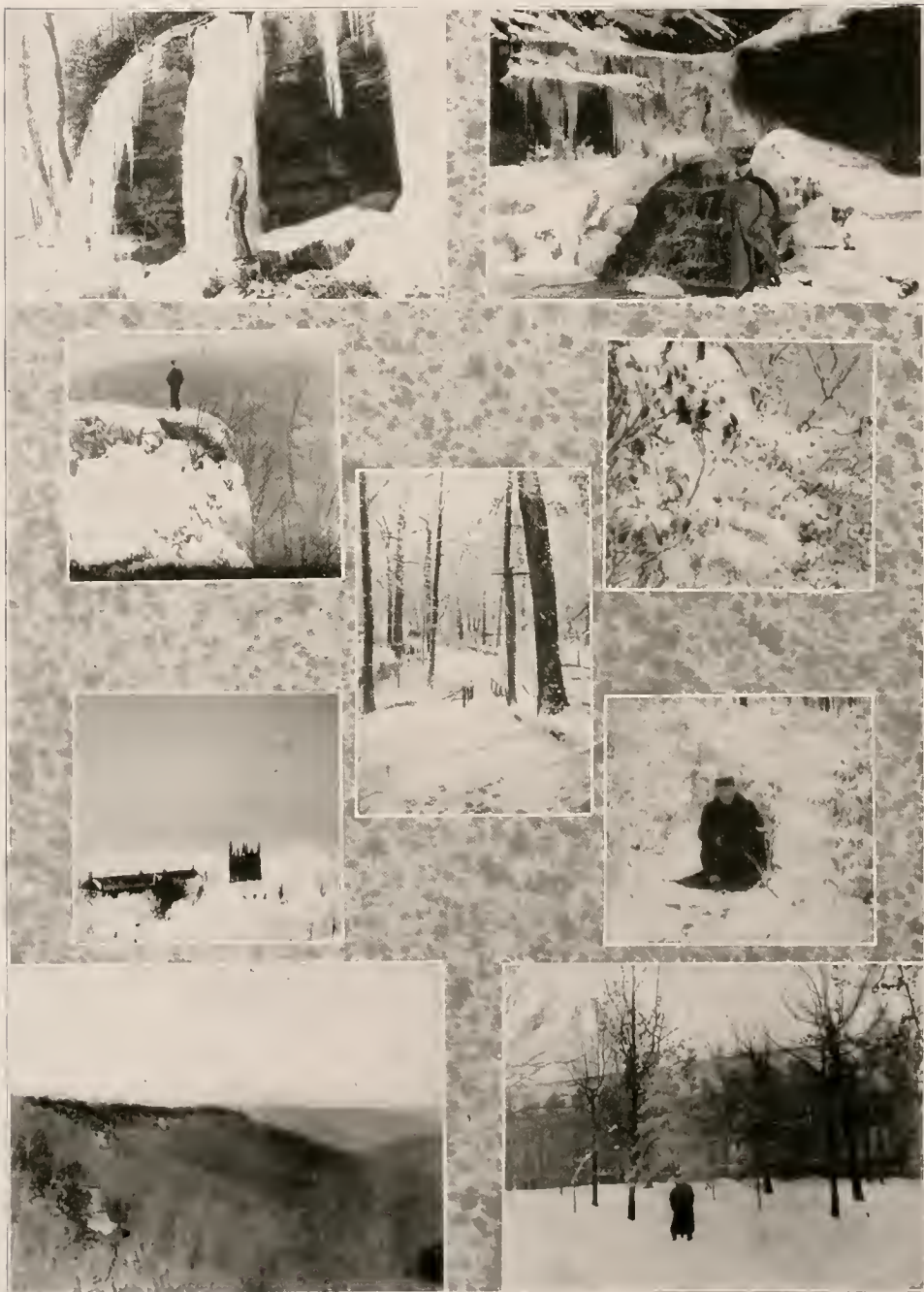
I'd like to ask you for a kiss
Your lips look very sweet
And your pretty, dainty, oval face
Is mighty hard to beat.

Though you're a winsome little miss
Your lips would be a treat
But they are made with printer's ink
And I never thought that sweet.



WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS

ONCE, peering over the brink of a deep, old-fashioned well, I saw, reflected there, one bright star of heaven which the sun could not outshine. So it seemed to me, dear, as I gazed into your eyes, that the windows of your soul revealed an angel. And, as though plunging down to seize the diamond of celestial hue my hopes had been dashed by cold water, so I have come to learn that it is only your nearsightedness that makes you look that way.



The Morning Excuse

Published in the Interests of the Over-Cut.

No. 1

SEWANEE, TENN.

Line 1

"23" FLEES IN FATHER'S PANTS

Seen by Many Alarmed
Students.

Last Saturday afternoon when many of the Magnolia boys were hanging around just before supper, they were astonished by an unusual sight. It has been said that time does not seem to fly to the young but on this occasion there were quite a few young men who saw "Father Time" almost take wings and fly.

"Father" Conway bought some time ago a choice pair of white flannels, and in his pride of their beauty bragged about them just a little too much around "23" Mershon. "23" was seized with a great desire to "come out" in those sporty trousers, and one Saturday afternoon he slipped into "Poppa's" room to borrow them. It happened that "Pop" wasn't there, so Mershon seized "Father Time" by the belt-loop and put on the coveted pants with all speed. "Pop" walked back into his room just as "23" was shoving his left foot into the left trouser-leg. "Pop's" utter astonishment saved Mershon from capture for while "the old man" was standing there dazed at this unexpected sight "23" skipped by him and dashed out of the door. "Father" followed suit but couldn't match the speed of those sporty pants which were last seen tearing down the road.

The excuse offered by "23" was that he wanted the pants for he had to look his very best since he was taking Miss Lena Gainstya to the famous play: "The Mystery of the Bloody Door Step or Who Dropped the Liver."

Prof. Ware to Partner—"Do you know that I had this dress suit made in gay Faree?"

Fair Partner—"And one of your students just told me he had French under Ware."

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS IN MAD PURSUIT

Followed by Mr. DuBose Dash
Wildly After the Elusive
Dagesh Forte.

There was considerable excitement in the sacred sanctuary of Saint Luke's labyrinth of linguistic learning the other day when the whole class was thrown in paroxysms of agony over the disappearance of a dagesh forte. Mr. DuBose wanted to institute an immediate search but was prevented by the sudden appearance of the pah-dak furtive, which slipped in under a quiescent aleph, thus eliminating any further necessity for the scampering forte. Had the letter in question been one of the kannifatz origin the dagesh forte would have been absolutely necessary to the well-being of the class. However, owing to the fact that the letter was not what you might expect but instead one of the begath-kafath nature the whole affair was settled quite amicably.

The translation of the above paragraph is thus. Certain letters in the Hebrew language have what is called a dagesh forte—a mere dot of the pencil—put within their centers for the purpose of making their pronunciation hard. Mr. DuBose was illustrating this principle with an enormous hebrew "B" which took up the whole page. As he was gazing off into the heauties of the waw consecutive a humble little fly it in the center of the "B" thus making a very neat dagesh forte. When Mr. DuBose came out of his revery and looked down upon the page he saw the simple dagesh, and remarked:

"Ah, I put the dagesh forte there."

Just then the dagesh "hopped up" as the saying goes and flew out of the room. The whole class jumped up with one accord to get the elusive forte

(Cont'd Page 3 Column 2)

POPE FIRED FROM ROOM

Can Tied to Prominent
Man.

Last Friday a group of enraged students committed an act of great violence when the pitched Mr. Leroy Pope out on his neck. Mr. Pope was attempting to prove the others in the lounge of the Barnwell Bummers Club that the pictures in the Police Gazette were not high class art. This preposterous statement so enraged the listeners that they rushed upon the talker and threw him out of the room.

Such is the life of the innocent.

BISHOP BEATEN IN UNION SUIT

Looses Union Suit in Court
Decision.

"Bishop" Sessums known to Sewanee's students as "Bish" lost yesterday a hotly contested suit to the Sewanee Union.

"Bish" has been a member of the Union for some years. During that time he has spent many of his hours around the pool table, hoping that sooner or later he would be able to win a game. However, after years of unsuccessful endeavor Sessums decided to sue the Union for the games he had lost. The amount for which he sued was 45,000,000 games. The suit resulted unsuccessfully for Mr. Sessums as the court ruled that the Union was in no way responsible for the lost contests since he had failed to check them at the door.

The student-body joins Mr. Sessums in hoping that some day he may win something, if it is no than the booby prize at a beauty contest.

The Morning Excuse

THE LADIES' PAGE

How to Keep Your Husband

By Ima Spinster.

Excuse's Note to Readers. This Article is one of the best of its kind in the country and it was only at great expense and after careful consideration that Miss Spinster was induced to write for the Excuse.

There is but one way to keep your husband in these days of trial and worry. There are so many distractions nowadays that the inexperienced wife finds it hard to compete with those who have had experience in this difficult art. The best way as I see it is to work out a system and follow that to the letter. I am going to write below a schedule for the week and if followed it is a sure binder to the most wayward hubby.

MONDAY. This being the first day of the week it is best to send hubby off with a good start. Therefore get up as early as possible—at the latest five o'clock. Have plenty of good hard work picked out for your husband before breakfast. Get him to clean out the furnace and probably dust the cellar so that by breakfast time he can appreciate your food whether it is well cooked or not. He will be so hungry that he will never notice that you forgot to put baking powder in the biscuits. After this hubby will undoubtedly be in no condition to go to work and then after you have persuaded him to stay you can get a lots more work out of him.

TUESDAY. Hubby will probably be a bit sleepy and tired after such a hard day as Monday was planned to be therefore let him sleep till at least nine o'clock, too late to catch the street car that puts him in office in time for work. Thus you will have him two days out of the week.

WEDNESDAY. The boss will probably want to see your husband on this day so it is best to get him off to work. See to it that he gets off in plenty of time, breakfast is no consideration so don't worry about it. A few biscuits left over from Tuesday and a little sour milk will help to get away for the seven-fifty car.

THURSDAY. So far nothing has been said about the dress of the wife. On this day of all days it is necessary that the wife be dressed in her best. A good suggestion for the morning gown is a brown taffeta with pink trimmings, if this doesn't get hubby off in time with a cheery smile then the whole idea of the author is all wrong. For supper when your tired man comes home greet him with something simple, like canned beans and condensed milk for the evening meal.

FRIDAY. This being the day for fish, fool your hubby by giving him what he is not expecting. He will figure that since you had fish last Friday that maybe you won't have it this Friday. Fool him by opening a can of sardines.

SATURDAY. Never try to dress up except on Thursday. If you try to dress then hubby will think that you care nothing about working around the house. Always if possible look as if you had just stepped from behind the plow; this will make hubby think you are a worker. Saturday night you should go out with hubby to a show. For this occasion wear a soft, dull lemon creation with bright carmine spots, a hat with many weeping-willow plumes will add considerably to your enchantment. Never stop to clean your finger-nails for that is a mark of fastidiousness. When out with hubby show your devotion to him in as marked a manner as possible. Thus making people think that while he may look to be an old man you at least possess the youth and charm of the family.

SUNDAY. Be sure to make hubby go to every possible call that you can make. On these occasions be sure to talk about your married life, and any little incidents of humor, such as the time you hit him with a rolling-pin, will create a good impression and get many laughs from the crowd. Remember that your husband is still a man and don't forget that men are like mules—they require rough treatment. Remind hubby of the days of your courtship and give him a dinner that will make him think of what a prize he got when he got you. First course, pickles; second course, salad; third course, fried fish; fourth course, raspberry pie or lemon filling cake.

The Morning Excuse

THE MORNING EXCUSE

Entered at the Dean's Office as second-hand matter.

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Six Week Quizzes..... 1.50 per

STAFF

Chapel CutterEditor
Class Cutter...Professor's Devil
Grass Cutter.....Office Boy
Scrappy WintroCirculation
Manager

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

The Frog-Hollow Saturday Attempt had in it a notice of the marriage of Sally Oats and John Wheat. Wonder what the harvest will be.

* * *

Some folks go to Canada for hardwood. The Excuse suggests going to Congress.

* * *

Ladies' style book says that dresses will be shorter than ever next year. Smoked glasses ought to be right plentiful, then.

* * *

The wages of sin are death; then suicide must be a pay as you enter proposition.

* * *

Freshman Morehead says that they'll have to change the saying on the sundial for he's going to put phosphorus on it so it will tell time in the dark.

* * *

"Bish" Sessums wants to know who knocked the golf ball that hit him on the bounce.

* * *

Freshman Kelly wants to know why "Bish" stood up in class all day yesterday.

* * *

Since everybody is going out on a strike why cant the Walking delegates go out on one?

SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR THE EXCUSE

Limber Limericks and Ambling

Iambics.

By Rhyma Type.

THESE PRINTERS

The waiter took the boiling soup
His eyes gleamed like a
beedle's
He saw some one had pulled a
floup
The bowl was full of needles.

The chef looked calmly at the
dish
And fed his hungry poodles
"Typographical error, You Fish!
Those needles should be
noodles."

UN-NAMED

A young man came up to Se-
wanee
His muscles were hefty and
brawny
Since he's had to eat
Old St. Luke's stale meat
This stude has grown skinny
and scrawny.

UN-TAMED

There was a young man from
Magnolio
Who would wash his face with
sapolio
But he soon grew so thin
From scraping his skin
They sent him home in a
portfolio.

SHARPS AND FLATS

The Glee Club boys went on a
trip
Despite the 'Fessors' growling
And returned to brag with ac-
cents flip
"Why our success was howl-
ing."

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS IN MAD PURSUIT

Cont'd From Page 1 Column 2.

which had thus broken the con-
tinuity of the Hebrew language.
As was said above the whole af-
fair was ended peaceably for an-
other fly was enviegled with a
drop of honey to illustrate the
point that makes Hebrew so
easy to understand.

LIMBER LIMERICKS

The V. C. was named Bishop
Knight
His tastes in all things were
quite right
But he slipped when he said
That he'd never be red
For his nose flamed like a red
light.

A certain young man from Falls
City
Had a voice like a cannon's
quaint ditty
As a mellow foghorn
Some ship he'd adorn
Such a tuneful foghorn, what a
pity.

The H'English Professor named
Clark
Went on the links for a lark
But the little dog Jerry
Thought his ball was a berry
And ran with it out of the park.

A big football coacher named
Abel
Went to the dining room table
But found that his dinner
Was swiped by a sinner
Named Long, whose appetite
was a fable.

There was a young man named
Carruthers
Who slipped on the train with
the others
But he found there's a dearth
Of sleep under a berth
But this story is one that he
smothers.

A would-be editor named Capers
Had a sad line of choloric vapors
In spite of his bunk
He gave all his junk
A front page in all of his pa-
pers.

Now the fellow who wrote all
this bunk
Has a mind that is full of such
junk
If real poetry
He'd try, folks would cry
"Great Caesar young man, this
is punk."

The Morning Excuse

SAINT WASH AND GEORGE PAT.

There was once a wearer of
green
Who raved o'er the shamrock's
bright sheen
But turned very red
If one word was said
Of the time that the Ghouls
were last seen.

There was also a son of George
Wash.
Who came out in the mud and
the slosh
At the top of his voice
He yelled that his choice
Was George 'stead of Patrick,
By Gosh!

Now the Red was an Irishman
too,
Saint Patrick's day made him
quite blue
For he found to his horror
And much to his sorrow
That red and green both would
not do.

Edwards—"Paxton is the ug-
liest freshman I ever saw."

Mrs. Eggleston—"But he has
such beautiful hair."

Zollie—"Pity he wasn't a
horse so he could have had it
all over him."

Mrs. Eggleston—"Waiter
bring me a dessert spoon."
Mongolia Will, after many min-
utes of search: "Hyeh one is
Missus. Ah don' know whuther
dese hyeh is spoons is sert or
not but they's de only ones Ah
kin fin."

The songbirds in the choir do
try
To strut their vocal stuff
To carry the tune as you or I
But they sure do treat the
melody rough

BY REQUEST

The fiddler in a swell cafe
Was pleased to play his best
For he had just heard some one
say
"Don't you play numbers by
request?"

The fiddler smiled and beamed,
"Of course,
I'll play what you request."
The list'ner said, "I think per-
force,
That you'd play checkers
best."

Halfpint to Cypres—"Making
this fancy dress?"

Cypres—"Nope, haven't a
costume. What you going as?"

Halfpint—"Oh, I'm gona carry
my trunk and go as an eleph-
ant."

Oh! Little Boy Blue, come blow
your horn

The "Proc's in the classroom
The stude's in the corn

The "Proc's" in the classroom
The corn's in the stude,

What would have happened had
Little Boy Blue?

Sarsaparilla, the sot's wife said
Is good when you've enough
Whiskey goes right to your head
Why do you drink that stuff?

The sot said "I don't like that
stuff

And want to get a filler
But when I find I've had enough

I can't say sarsaparilla."

BUTCHER-SHOP SCRAPS

The butcher weighed the sau-
sage out
And grumbled at this sad
strife
"This world may be a friendly
bout
But this is but a dog's life."

"Found hits of rubber in this
hash?
Then for your erudition
I'll say the Ford has made a
dash
That puts the horse out of
commission."

The golfer hit the litte ball
It sliced into the rough
He said, "I never did that at
all."

Where do they get that stuff?

The novice swung, the white
ball flew

And then he smiled to say,
"Now that's the way I always
do."

How do they get that way?

Poor old Julius Caesar, Latin
was his medium
Studes would rather flunk his
class

Than read through that tedium

Poor old blinded Homer, wrote
his stuff in Greek

Keats found great sights in his
book

We can't get a peek.

So with all the ancients, dead
like rocky boulders,

Knew their books would be
pushed on

By others dead—above the
shoulders.



Advertisements

The Portrait Work in This Annual is the Work of



A. W. JUDD



CHATTANOOGA : : TENNESSEE

HOW RICHARD LEWIS BEGAN HIS CAREER

Richard Lewis, Jr., age twenty-one, and son of a dye stuff manufacturer, was very much distressed. Only on rare occasions did Richard Lewis, Senior, send for him to "come down to the office immediately." When he did, however, it was for no trifle. Young Lewis knew that; he also knew what kind of a humor to find "the governor" in.

Mr. Lewis put down his pen, and, wheeling his desk chair around toward his son, said:

"So you've been borrowing money from old Amos. I don't seem to get the idea. Don't I supply you with enough? Are you afraid to come to me?"

"No sir," said Richard, "but I didn't want to ask you for five hundred dollars to pay a debt, especially a gambling debt."

"So that's it, eh? Gambling? Is that what I sent you to college for—to learn to play poker? Gambling, bah! Tell me this. How did you ever expect to pay old Amos without my help? Don't you know that the money is due in three days? The old man has just been in here; he told me all about it. Furthermore, he intends to have the law on you if the note is not paid. What are you going to do?"

— *Texas* —

is a great State, and offers many advantages

The Commercial National Bank
of Sherman

with Capital and Surplus of \$475,000.00 is a

BIG FRIENDLY BANK

and will be pleased to assist you

W. R. BRENTS, President

F. Z. EDWARDS, Cashier

HOW RICHARD LEWIS BEGAN HIS CAREER (CTD.)

"When I borrowed the money, I expected to go to work at once and soon have it paid. Then I caught that d——d influenza which not only killed my job but my ambition."

"But," asked the elder Lewis, "what are you going to do? The money has to be paid you know."

"That's just where Old Amos muddled the whole works by coming to you. As much as I hated it, I had decided to confess up and appeal to you."

"So that is it, eh? I thought it would be me in the end. Well this is one time I think I'll let you shift for yourself a while and see what's really in you. I believe it would do you good. Suppose we try it anyway."

Mr. Lewis lit his cigar, and turned it around in his mouth a few times meditating.

"The first thing you must do is to see Amos and try to persuade him to give you a little more time. Then go to work and with your first savings *pay him*, be sure to *pay him* if you have to live in an attic."

There was a short pause and some more twisting of the cigtr. Richard lit a cigarette.

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HOW RICHARD LEWIS BEGAN HIS CAREER (CTD.)

"If," continued the father, "if, after a year's time you come to me with a thousand dollars in your pocket, and if the debt is paid, I will seriously consider making you my junior partner. If you fail, then your very failure will show your incapacity. You've a good opportunity, but one that will require a hustler. You'd better not waste any more time, so go to the house and tell your mother that you're going to take a little trip. I'll explain all to her when I go to dinner. Goodby, and close the door as you go out."

There followed a manly farewell between father and son. As the final handshake took place, there passed a fifty dollar bill from Mr. Lewis' hand to his son's.

Richard Lewis took his father's advice and lost no time in calling on his creditor, Amos Rosenburg, known by everybody in town as "Old Amos."

As the boy walked down Jefferson street, shoving and pushing his way through the down-town crowd, many thoughts whirled through his confused mind. He seemed to see the coming year loom up before him as a dark, gloomy, and desperate cloud. Suppose Old Amos should refuse him! Would he go to jail? Surely his father would not stand for that. Where could he possibly find work? The shipyards were turning off hundreds of men. Then Horace Greely's words came to him—"Go West, young man, go West." That seemed the only thing. He would wait, however, till he had heard Old Amos' verdict.

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On the tenth floor of the First National Bank Building Lewis entered an office on the door of which was:

AMOS ROSENBERG—LOANS.

"Well, Richard, I presume you have come to pay your note. I believe it is due soon." Old Amos had *known* for a week the *exact* date.

"I came in to see you about it," answered Richard, "but I cannot pay it today. I will be twenty-one years of age next week," he lied, "and will come into a little property left by a distantly related aunt. If you'll just let me have until then, it will be all right." He figured that with a week's start he would be well out of reach, and could take his own time about paying the money.

Old Amos didn't like the arrangement; he was hard up as usual, and business was bad. Nevertheless, if Richard was sure of having the money etc., etc., he might let it go—. Of course Richard was sure.

Leaving the building, Lewis wandered off down a side street to Douglas Park. There it was quiet, pleasant, and cool—away from the bustling traffic, the swarm of pedestrians, and the general hubbub of crowded business section. It was noon of the day and few people were passing through. He decided to stop there and map out a plan for the future. It was quiet and an ideal place to meditate.

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Lewis' mind was in such a state when he sat down that he was not aware that the bench was occupied. But there sat an old man, probably fifty years of age, possibly sixty. His clothes were dirty and well worn, especially his hat, which was fairly perforated. He had a long, brown, and musty beard. It would not have taken a sensitive nose to tell that there was an odor of whiskey about him. In spite of all these repulsive outward appearances, however, there was an atmosphere about him that gave one the impression that he had seen better days. His hands, though dirty, were well shaped—not the hands of a laborer; there was a soft and tender look in his eyes; and when he spoke it was in a smooth voice and in good English.

"Is it possible that these little creatures live on the peanuts and other scraps that people throw them. There seem to be no nut trees about." As the man uttered these words, he motioned with a wave of the hand to a group of squirrels being fed by a man across the path.

Lewis looked up in surprise, and for the first time took note of his bench mate. Certainly this person next to him be no ordinary tramp and talk like that. His interest in the old man was aroused, but his answer, however, befitted his mood.

"I wish I was as sure of my meals."

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It was now the old man's turn to be surprised. He did not expect such an answer from such a well dressed and genteel looking young man.

"You surprise me," he answered, "you don't look so bad off as all that."

"Yes, but appearances are often deceptive," said Lewis, lighting a cigarette and offering the old man one. "Judging from the difference in your speech and you appearance, I would say that you were once in better fortune yourself."

The man seemed to sense that Lewis was the victim of misfortune. He moved a little closer, and, placing his hand on the boy's knee familiarly said:

"My young friend, I can see that my appearance makes me repulsive to you, and that you inwardly resent this familiarity; but I can also see that you have had some misfortune. Will you tell me about it?"

Lewis was touched by this soft and gentle manner of the old man, and decided that he might as well satisfy his curiosity.

"My father, who is a dye manufacturer—" at these last two words the old man jumped up with a start.

"Dye maker! Dye maker did you say? Your father a dye maker!" But suddenly calming down he said, "But pardon me for interrupting; go on."

Lewis, who saw no cause for excitement, looked at him, puzzled. He continued, however.



"Yes, a dye maker, and because I was unable to pay a gambling debt of five hundred dollars he turned me out for a year. I've either got to pay the debt within a week or leave this part of the country. If, a year from today—or any time before—I go to him with a thousand dollars of my own, honest money, he will take me into his business. From the looks of things now, though, my chances are slim."

When Lewis finished speaking he noticed that the old man appeared greatly excited.

"Providence has thrown us together," he said, "it is indeed the work of Providence." Then pulling from his hip pocket a pipe, he filled it with some vile looking tobacco and, lighting it, blew a series of smoke rings. Setting back on the bench, he began.

"My name is Joseph Cook. Thirty years ago my father and I, living in Chicago, worked together diligently, both of us being chemists. We made a comfortable living off of a few small royalties which brought us about three thousand dollars a year; and, being so taken up with our work, we seldom left the laboratory except to eat and sleep. We were not well known, nor did we desire to be. Our work was our life. For five long years we worked on a certain coal-tar dye formula. It was to revolutionize the whole industry, and my father saw a fortune in it. Finally, after experiencing many and perplexing difficulties, it was completed and patented.

"Then came a calamity. My poor father, broken down in health for lack of fresh air and exercise, died leaving a large debt to be paid—you see I can sympathize with you. To do this I was forced to sell our house, laboratory, and practically all my possessions. I was alone, poor, and without friends. All my energies were concentrated in trying to sell the patent, but, being obscure, I failed. For a whole year I went to the different dye and even textile factories, but all my efforts were in vain. They wouldn't even listen to me. Finally I lost heart and ambition. Before I knew it, I was a slave of the liquor habit. I fell lower and lower until one morning I woke up in a prison cell. I was convicted of having committed some heinous crime while intoxicated. Twenty-five years I spent in prison—How I stood it, I don't know—but here I am after a weeks' liberty. I am alone, broken down, and poor—a pauper. But I have one possession—the patent and formula."

Saying that, Joseph Cook searched deep down in an inside pocket, and drew forth a dirty and worn piece of paper, folded many times. He looked at it intently for some minutes and said:

"Although our acquaintance has been rather short, we are both in the same boat, and I think we understand each other. Here are both our chances. Your year's work can be done in two days. Do you not understand? We'll sell the formula to your father and split."



A minute later two joyful men could be seen walking in the direction of down-town, their arms linked together like brothers.

Mr. Lewis had hardly been in his office the next morning before he received a telephone call from his attorney.

"Hello, hello! What's that? You've a client with a new dye formula?—valuable, you say?— Oh! you can't judge its value! Hold on; I'll send a chemist around immediately " Mr. Lewis was greatly excited.

A half hour—it seemed like a week to Mr. Lewis—went by and the chemist returned.

"Bradley's client was out—due in at any time, but I saw the formula." The words were uttered hastily; the chemist paused to catch his breath. "It's exactly what we've been working on for two years without success, and he has it patented. It is something that would ruin you if were in the hands of your competitors. Buy it at any price."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling—again the phone rang. It was Bradly, the lawyer.

"My client is here now; are you ready to make an offer?" came from the lawyer.

"Five Thousand," went over the line.

"Five thousand," said the lawyer to Lewis, Junior.

"He'll have to do better than that."

"You'll have to do better," repeated the lawyer over the phone. "My client will not consider that."

"Ten thousand," from Lewis, Senior.

"Tell him not a cent under twenty," said Richard.

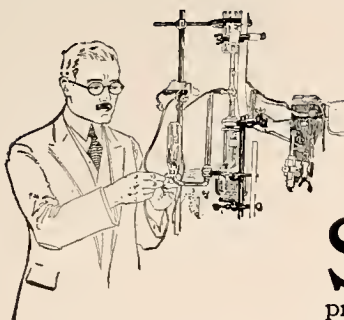
"Not a cent under twenty," was repeated.

The elder Lewis hesitated and consulted his chemist.

"You'd better hurry and decide," warned the lawyer, "my man has just received a wire from the National Analine people. Your's is not the only offer."

"Twenty thousand," came back.

And it was so.



What Is Research?

SUPPOSE that a stove burns too much coal for the amount of heat that it radiates. The manufacturer hires a man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation to make experiments which will indicate desirable changes in design. The stove selected as the most efficient is the result of research.

Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

Research of all three types is conducted in the Laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type of research—pioneering into the unknown—that means most, in the long run, even though it is undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

At the present time, for example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. Some day this X-ray work will enable scientists to answer more definitely than they can now the question: Why is iron magnetic? And then the electrical industry will take a great step forward, and more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

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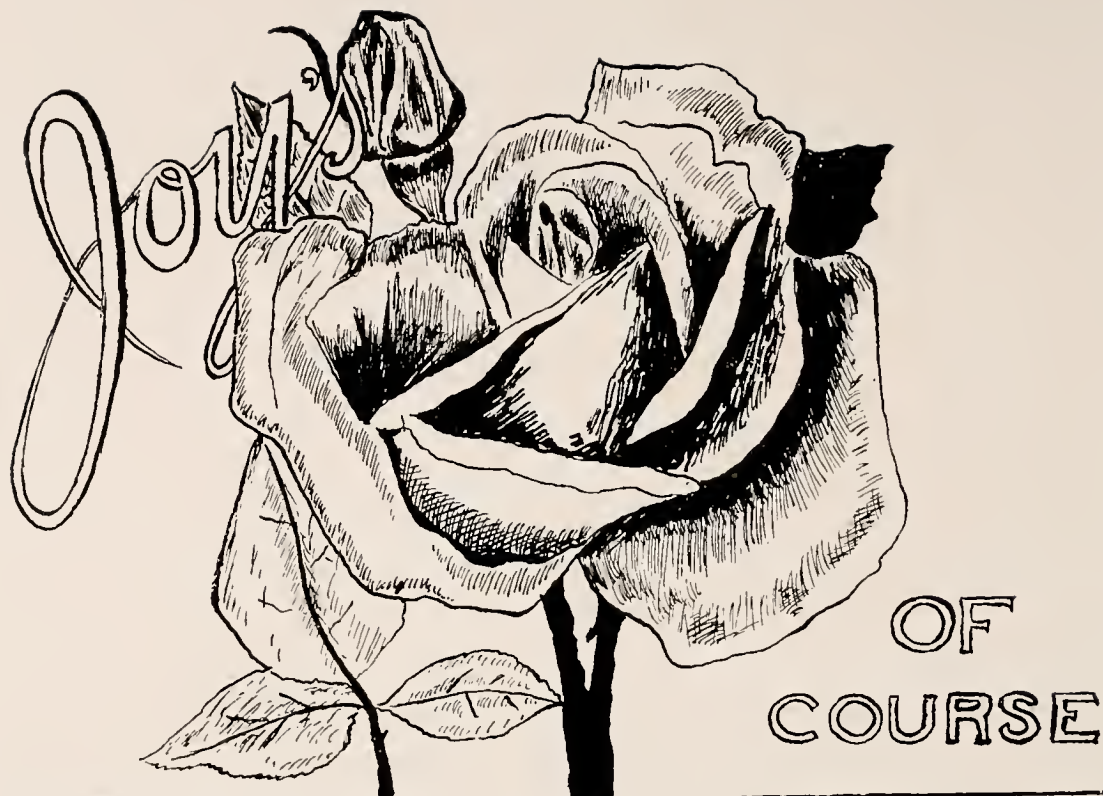
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SOME PEOPLE make
THE STATEMENTS
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I'VE OFTEN READ
THAT SOME MAN'S TEAM
DID NOT QUITE WIN
BECAUSE THE OTHER TEAM
WAS A ONE MAN TEAM
BUT OF COURSE THEY WON
THE RELAY RACE.
NOW THAT TO ME IS VERY STRANGE
I NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO SEE JUST WHY
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BUT I SUPPOSE THAT PEOPLE MAKE
SUCH STRANGE REMARKS
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